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TO THE  
Old and New Testament.

A  
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WITH

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EDITED BY WILLIAM YOUNGMAN.

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# CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



# CHRISTIAN LYRICS:

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM MODERN AUTHORS.

"Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care ;  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer !"

*WITH UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS*



LONDON :  
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**I**N this volume we have endeavoured to string together such Christian Lyrics as seem to us specially adapted to be the expression of home thoughts, and the companions of every-day life.

Mingled with many lyrics hitherto unpublished, or but little known, will be found some, the words of which have long been familiar to us all. If an excuse for this be needed, it must be found in the feeling, which we trust others will share, that—even were it not for their intrinsic beauty—they are enshrined in so many hearts, and consecrated by so many long-cherished and hallowed associations, that no collection of sacred poetry would be complete without them.

We have endeavoured, as far as possible, to print these lyrics in their original form : except in one or two instances, we have not knowingly omitted any of the verses ; but should occasional incompleteness or deviation

from the true reading, be detected, it must be accounted for by the difficulty of tracing some of these pieces to their source, and to the consequent necessity of trusting to collections, the editors of which have not felt themselves bound to be equally scrupulous.

To those authors who have so willingly permitted us to insert their poems, and to Messrs Longman and Co., who have allowed us to transfer some pieces from *Lyra Germanica*, we beg here to offer our deserved acknowledgments.

Should our little collection be of any service in suggesting sacred thoughts or exciting holy feelings, we shall not regret that we have brought together, for the cheering of others' hearts, what has been such a source of joy and refreshing to our own.

The Lyrics marked \* were printed for the first time in "Later Lyrics," and are Copyright.





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THE SLEEP.

*"He giveth His beloved sleep."*—Psalm cxxvii.

F all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if there any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith all undisproved  
A little dust to overweep,  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake:  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the heavy slumber when  
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
"And giveth His beloved, sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,

## THE SLEEP.

Though on its slope men sow and reap :  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;  
But angels say, and through the word,  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
“He giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose  
“Who giveth His belovèd, sleep.”

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “not a tear o’er her must fall !  
‘He giveth His belovèd, sleep.’”

*E. B. Browning.*



THE PEACE OF GOD.



W E ask for peace, O Lord !

Thy children ask Thy peace ;  
Not what the world calls rest,  
That care and toil should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should fleet away,  
And tranquil night should end  
In smiling day ;—

It is not for such peace that we should  
pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord !

Yet not to stand secure,  
Girt round with iron pride,  
Contented to endure :  
Crushing the gentle strings  
That human hearts should know,  
Untouched by others' joy  
Or others' woe ;—

Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy peace, O Lord !

Through storm, and fear, and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
Through a long, struggling life :

## *THE PEACE OF GOD.*

While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
Or nerve, what the world calls,  
Our wasted might :—  
Yet passing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord,  
Who toil while others sleep ;  
Who sow with loving care  
What other hands shall reap :  
They lean on Thee entranced,  
In calm and perfect rest :  
Give us that peace, O Lord,  
Divine and blest,  
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

*A. A. Procter*



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

### PRAYER.



WHEN prayer delights thee least, then  
learn to say,  
Soul, now is greatest need that thou  
shouldst pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I  
would fain  
Straighten myself by Thy right line  
again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my  
late fruits ;  
Pierce, genial showers, down to my  
parchèd roots.

My well is better ; cast therein the  
tree,  
That sweet henceforth its brackish  
waves may be.

Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?  
The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying who doth press with might  
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White-heat the iron in the furnace won ;  
Withdrawn from thence, 't was cold and hard anon.

## ON BEAUTIFUL SINGING.

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently  
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The greenest leaf divided from its stem,  
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.

The largest river, from its fountain-head  
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance wait,  
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of Thy mantle hold,  
When angel hands from heaven are scattering gold.

*Archbishop Trench.*

## WRITTEN AFTER HEARING SOME BEAUTIFUL SINGING IN A CONVENT CHURCH AT ROME.



SWEET voices! seldom mortal ear  
Strains of such potency might hear;  
My soul that listened seemed quite gone,  
Dissolved in sweetness, and anon  
I was borne upward, till I trod  
Among the hierarchy of God.  
And when they ceased, as time must bring  
An end to every sweetest thing,  
With what reluctancy came back  
My spirits to their wonted track,  
And how I loathed the common life,  
The daily and recurring strife

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

With petty sins, the lowly road,  
And being's ordinary load.  
Why, after such a solemn mood,  
Should any meaner thought intrude?  
Why will not Heaven hereafter give,  
That we for evermore may live  
Thus at our spirit's topmost bent?  
So asked I in my discontent.

But give me, Lord, a wiser heart;  
These seasons come, and they depart,  
These seasons, and those higher still,  
When we are given to have our fill  
Of strength and life and joy with Thee,  
And brightness of Thy face to see.  
They come, or we could never guess  
Of heaven's sublimer blessedness;  
They come, to be our strength and cheer  
In other times, in doubt or fear,  
Or should our solitary way  
Lie through the desert many a day.  
They go, they leave us blank and dead,  
That we may learn, when they are fled,  
We are but vapours which have won  
A moment's brightness from the sun,  
And which it may at pleasure fill  
With splendour, or unclothe at will.  
Well for us they do not abide,  
Or we should lose ourselves in pride,

*ON BEAUTIFUL SINGING.*

And be as angels—but as they  
Who on the battlements of day  
Walked, gazing on their power and might,  
Till they grew giddy in their height.

Then welcome every nobler time,  
When out of reach of earth's dull chime  
'Tis ours to drink with purged ears  
The music of the solemn spheres,  
Or in the desert to have sight  
Of those enchanted cities bright,  
Which sensual eye can never see :  
Thrice welcome may such seasons be :  
But welcome too the common way,  
The lowly duties of the day,  
And all which makes and keeps us low,  
And teaches us ourselves to know,  
That we, who do our lineage high  
Draw from beyond the starry sky,  
Are yet upon the other side,  
To earth and to its dust allied.

*Archbishop Trench.*







## PARTING.



PART in peace! is day before us?  
Praise His name for life and  
light;—

Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?  
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! so give the praises  
God, our Maker, loveth best;  
Such the worship that upraises  
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

*S. F. Adams.*

*THE IVY.*

THE IVY.



HE ivy in a dungeon grew,  
Unfed by rain, uncheered  
by dew ;  
Its pallid leaflets only  
drank  
Cave moistures foul and  
odours dank.

But through the dungeon  
grating high  
There fell a sunbeam from  
the sky :  
It slept upon the grateful  
floor  
In silent gladness ever-  
more.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot  
Through all its fibres to  
the root ;  
It felt the light, it saw  
the ray,  
It strove to issue into day.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb ;  
Long had the darkness been its home,  
But well it knew, though veiled in night,  
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong ;  
Its stem expanded firm and long ;  
And in the currents of the air  
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,  
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world ;  
It rose towards the dungeon bars—  
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,  
It heard the happy skylark sing ;  
It caught the breath of morns and eves,  
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews, and sunshine fed,  
Over the outer wall it spread ;  
And in the day-beam waving free,  
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place  
Its verdure threw adorning grace,  
The mating birds became its guests,  
And sang its praises from their nests.

## THE IVY.

Wouldst know the moral of this rhyme?  
Behold the heavenly light, and climb!  
Look up, O tenant of the cell,  
Where man, the prisoner, must dwell.

In every dungeon comes a ray  
Of God's interminable day,  
On every heart a sunbeam falls,  
To cheer its lonely prison walls.

The ray is Truth. O soul, aspire  
To bask in its celestial fire;  
So shalt thou quit the glooms of clay,  
So shalt thou flourish into day.

So shalt thou reach the dungeon grate  
No longer dark and desolate;  
And look around thee, and above,  
Upon a world of light and love.

*C. Mackay.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



ONWARD.

ONWARD! the goal thou seekest  
Is worthy the quest of a life,  
And love can give to the weakest  
Courage and strength for the strife.

High is the prize above thee,  
In the light of that golden sky;  
The ladder's not all of sunshine,  
Whereon thou must climb so high.

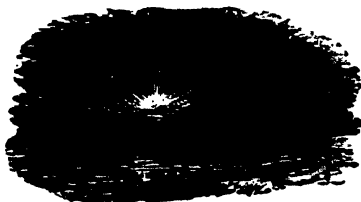
Earth's shadows and griefs have  
darkened,

Earth's sorrows have shaded its light,  
But rays from the sunshine of heaven  
Each upward step make bright.

Sometimes the glory paleth,  
And its brightness disappears;  
'Tis only thy eye that faileth,  
Or is dimmed by earth-born tears.

Onward! our cry for ever,  
Till our glorious goal be won,  
'Mid the brightness fading never  
Of the light-enshrouded sun.

*L. R*





“I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE  
AFRAID.”



LEAVE God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide,  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
Thy all-sufficient Strength and Guide.  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

What can these anxious cares avail,  
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope; content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love hath sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost hearts are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,  
He sends them as He sees it meet;  
When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
And now art freed from all deceit.  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God has cast thee off unheard,  
And that the man whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred;  
Time passes and much change doth bring,  
And sets a bound to everything.

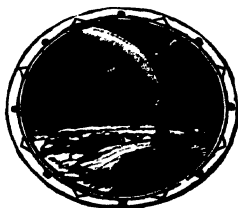
*"I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID."*

---

All are alike before His face ;  
    'Tis easy to our God most high  
To make the rich man poor and base,  
    To give the poor man wealth and joy.  
True wonders still by Him are wrought,  
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
    But do thine own part faithfully,  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
    So shall they be fulfilled in thee :  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

*Lyra Germanica.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

"MAKE THY WAY PLAIN BEFORE MY FACE."



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from  
home—

Lead Thou me on

Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now,—

Lead Thou me on!

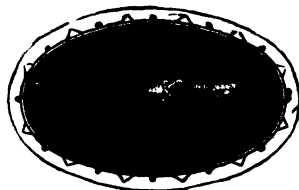
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*J. H. Newman.*





“NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING.”



EVER hasting, never resting,”  
With a firm and joyous heart,  
Ever onward slowly tending,  
Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,  
Doing all thou hast to do ;  
Seeking ever man's upraising,  
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,  
Unelated by success ;  
Heights attained revealing higher,  
Onward, upward, ever press.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Slowly moves the march of ages,  
Slowly grows the forest king,  
Slowly to perfection cometh  
Every great and glorious thing.

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,  
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,  
Mighty ends from small beginnings,  
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,  
Future navies may provide ;  
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,  
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature  
Since the earth her course began ;  
Such to thee she teacheth daily,  
Eager, ardent, restless man.

“Never hasting, never resting,”  
Glad in peace and calm in strife ;  
Quietly thyself preparing  
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful, and unswerving,  
Weary though thou art and faint,  
Ne'er despair,—there's One above thee  
Listing ever to thy plaint.

*"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."*

---

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,  
Dieth he who standeth still;  
Not by haste or rest can ever  
Man his destiny fulfil.

"Never hasting, never resting,"  
Legend fine, and quaint, and olden,  
In our thinking, in our acting,  
Should be writ in letters golden.



*"THOU MAINTAINEST MY LOT."*



SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,  
Whose presence in my heart sustains  
me,  
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,  
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wished might always be,  
Accepting what they looked for only,  
They might be glad,—but not in Thee.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see  
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,  
Bear loss of all they love save Thee,  
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease  
From restless wishes, prone to sin,  
And, in Thine own exceeding peace,  
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear  
As air we breathe, as light we see !  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

*A. L. Waring.*

## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.



STRIVE; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away ;  
But another and holier treasure  
You would not perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

*STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.*

Wait ; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow upon its brow ;  
Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray : though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner, will come one day ;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

*A. A. Procter.*





### ENOCH.



AST thou not seen at break of day,  
One only star the east adorning,  
That never set or paled its ray,  
But seemed to sink at once away  
Into the light of morning?

From it the sage no portent drew,  
It came to light no meteor fires,  
But silver shone the whole night through,  
On hawthorn hedges steeped in dew  
And quiet village spires.

Like him of old who dwelt beneath  
The tents of patriarchal story,  
Who passed without the touch of death,  
Without dim eye or failing breath,  
At once into God's glory—

## ENOCH.

The Patriarch of one simple spot,  
The sire of sons and daughters lowly,  
And this the record of his lot,  
“He walked with God, and he was not,”  
For the Lord took him wholly.

Like a child’s voice in sacred song,  
That trembling rises higher and higher,  
Till lost at last, it peals along,  
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong  
Of great cathedral choir ;—



So year by year, and day by day,  
In pastoral care and household duty,  
He walked with God—nor knew decay—  
But faded gently, wrapt away,  
Into His glorious beauty.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

There's many a household fair to see,  
By woodland nook or running river,  
Where children climb the parent's knee,—  
Oh that those homes like his might be,  
Filled with God's presence ever!

Oh that our thoughts so heavenly were,  
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,  
That all our loves, and toils, and care  
Might only lead us nearer there,  
Where He is set in heaven.

*C. F. Alexander.*



### FOR EVER.

HEY came, they went ; of pleasures  
passed away,  
How often this is all that we can say :  
They came like dewdrops in the morn-  
ing hour,  
They went like dewdrops 'neath the  
noontide's power ;  
Came like the cistus with its purple  
eye,  
Went like the cistus, blooming but to  
die ;  
Unheeded in their flight they glided past,—  
We sighed not, for we knew not 't was the last !

## BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

There's no last time in heaven! the angels pour  
A still-new song, though chanted evermore;  
There's no night following on their daylight hours,  
No fading-time for amaranthine flowers;  
No change, no death, no harp that lies unstrung,  
No vacant place those hallowed hills among!



## BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

**N**UGHT see we here as yet in full perfection,  
Nought reaching yet unto its true ideal;  
Lost to our careless sight is that connection  
Which knitted once the perfect to the real.

Each form of loveliness, each fair creation,  
Hath yet a type more true and brighter far,  
And we must trace in all the dim relation,  
And what they might be learn from what they are.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thus every character, whate'er its sweetness,  
Is but a fruit all blighted and unripe,  
Still ever striving towards its own completeness,  
Still ever yearning towards its highest type.

And only as we know and love them duly,  
As buds and promise of a fairer growth,  
Shall we learn how to weigh and prize them truly,  
And trace the true unto the highest truth.

Though lost and fallen is our perfect being,  
Its beauty 'mid its ruins we may see,  
And strive we still, the far completeness seeing,  
To reach once more the highest we can be.

And strive we, following in our love and duty  
Him who doth noblest, truest, purest, shine,  
Who raised our human to its highest beauty  
By blending with it His own bright divine.

*L. R.*



*SUSPIRIA.*



SUSPIRIA.



TAKE them, O Death! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own!  
Thine image, stampt upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

*Longfellow.*





THE SUPPLIANT.

ALL night the lonely suppliant  
prayed,  
All night his earnest crying  
made,  
Till, standing by his side at  
morn,  
The tempter said, in bitter  
scorn,  
“Oh, peace : what profit do  
you gain  
From empty words and bab-  
blings vain?

‘Come, Lord—oh, come!’ you cry alway,  
You pour your heart out night and day;  
Yet still no murmur of reply—  
No voice that answers, ‘Here am I.’”  
Then sank that stricken heart in dust,  
That word had withered all its trust;  
No strength retained it now to pray,  
While faith and hope had fled away;  
And ill that mourner now had fared,  
Thus by the tempter’s art ensnared,  
But that at length beside his bed  
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,  
“Doth it repent thee of thy love,  
That never now is heard above

## THE SUPPLIANT.

Thy prayer ; that never any more  
It knocks at heaven's gate as before ? ”  
“ I am cast out—I find no place,  
No hearing at the throne of grace.  
‘ Come, Lord—oh, come ! ’ I cry alway,  
I pour my heart out night and day,  
Yet never until now have won  
The answer—‘ Here am I, my son. ’ ”  
“ O dull of heart—enclosed doth lie  
In each ‘ Come, Lord ! ’ a ‘ Here am I : ’  
Thy love, thy longing are not thine—  
Reflections of a love divine !  
Thy very prayer to thee was given,  
Itself a messenger from heaven. ”

*Archbishop Trench.*



MORTALITY.

*"And we shall be changed."*



E dainty mosses, lichens grey,  
Pressed each to each in tender  
fold,  
And peacefully thus, day by day,  
Returning to your mould ;

Brown leaves that with ærial grace  
Slip from your branch like birds  
a-wing,  
Each leaving in the appointed place  
Its bud of future spring ;—

If we, God's conscious creatures,  
knew

But half your faith in our decay,  
We should not tremble as we do  
When summoned clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet,  
We should put off this mortal gear,  
In whatsoe'er new form is meet  
Content to reappear.

*"WHEREWITH SHALL I COME," ETC.*

Knowing each germ of life He gives  
Must have in Him its source and rise,  
Being that of His being lives  
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,  
Ye mosses green and lichens fair,  
Go to your graves as I will go,  
For God is also there.

*Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."*



*'WHEREWITH SHALL I COME BEFORE  
THE LORD?'*

**G**OD asketh gifts ; what hast thou wrought ?  
What store of treasure earned ?  
All kings their richest wealth have brought,  
And peasants blest returned.  
Bring virtue, humbleness, and truth ;  
God will reward thy field's fair growth.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

But hast thou nought? has harvest failed?

The vines died in the frost?

Give love and faith, such have availed

When all beside was lost.

God in His mercy will receive

Those who but love Him and believe.

If even such thou canst not bring,

Love garnered, rooted faith,

Nor e'en one palest bud of spring

To cheer this wintry death,

God will receive thy prayer and give

The faith by which His children live.

But if thy unused lips in vain

Would speak of thy most bitter need,

If sorrow, dumb through sin's long pain,

Now careth not to wish or plead,

God asketh but thy heart laid bare

To fill its emptiness with prayer.

*Lucy F. Massey.*



*"WE LOVE HIM," ETC.*

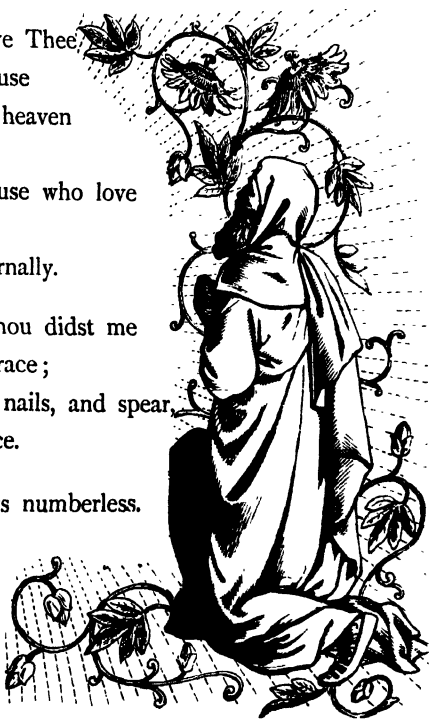
"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."



Y God, I love Thee,  
not because  
I hope for heaven  
thereby,  
Nor yet because who love  
Thee not  
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless.  
And sweat of agony;  
Yea, death itself: and all  
for me  
Who was Thine enemy.



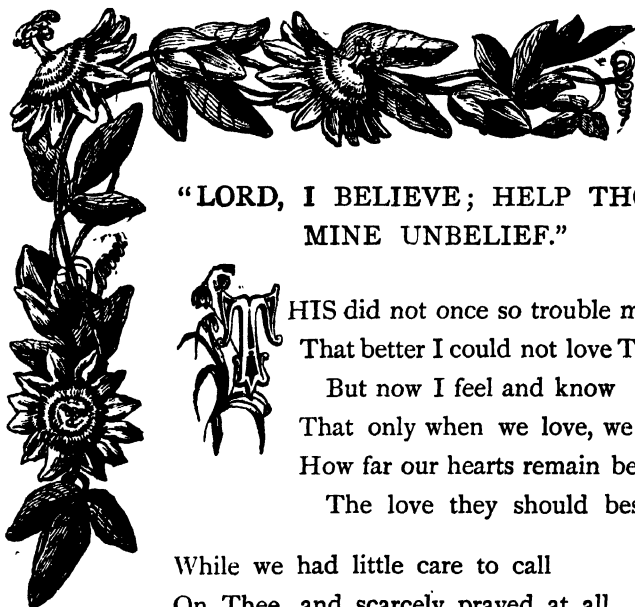
Then why, O blessed JESU CHRIST,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving LORD.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my Eternal KING.

*Francis Xavier.*



“LORD, I BELIEVE; HELP THOU  
MINE UNBELIEF.”



HIS did not once so trouble me,  
That better I could not love Thee ;  
But now I feel and know  
That only when we love, we find  
How far our hearts remain behind  
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call  
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,  
We seemed enough to pray :  
But now we only think with shame,  
How seldom to Thy glorious name  
Our lips their homage pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed  
Unto our brother's suffering need,

## DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.

Our hearts reproached us then  
Not half so much as now, that we  
With such a careless eye can see  
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,  
To see what yet remains undone ;  
With this our pride repress,  
And give us grace, a growing store,  
That day by day we may do more,  
And may esteem it less.

*Archbishop Trench.*

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## DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.



HAVE gone the whole round of creation : I  
saw and I spoke !

I, a work of God's hand for that purpose,  
received in my brain

And pronounced on the rest of His handiwork  
—returned Him again

His creation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw.

I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet  
all's law !

Now I lay down the judgeship He lent me. Each faculty  
tasked

To perceive Him has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop  
was asked.

Have I knowledge? confounded it shriveled at wisdom  
laid bare.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the  
Infinite Care!

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?

I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,  
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God  
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and  
the clod.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew  
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it  
too)

The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's All-  
Complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet!  
Yet with all this abounding experience, this Deity known,  
I shall dare to discover some promise, some gift of my own.  
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,  
I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think,)  
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst  
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold! I could love if I  
durst!

But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake  
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for  
love's sake.

—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when  
doors great and small,

Nine and ninety flew ope to our touch, should the  
hundredth appal?

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest  
of all?

*DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.*

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,  
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? here  
the parts shift,

Here the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what  
began? .

Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,  
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him,—who yet  
alone can?

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much  
less power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous  
dower

Of the life he was gifted and filled with? To make such  
a soul,

Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the  
whole?

And doth it not enter my mind, (as my warm tears  
attest,)

These good things being given, to go on, and give one  
more, the best?

Ay, to save, and redeem, and restore him, maintain at  
the height

His perfection,—succeed with life's dayspring, death's  
minute of night?

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the  
mistake,

Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now, and bid him awake  
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find  
himself set

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Clear and safe in new light and new life, a new harmony  
yet

To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—  
or endure

The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to  
make sure ;

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,  
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles  
in this.

I believe it ! 'tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who  
receive :

In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to  
believe.

All's one gift. Thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt  
to my prayer,

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to  
the air.

From Thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, Thy  
dread Sabaoth :

I will !—the mere atoms despise me ! why am I not  
loth

To look that, even that, in the face too ? why is it I dare  
Think lightly of such impuissance ? what stops my  
despair ?

This ; 'tis not what man does which exalts him, but  
what man would do !

See the king—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes  
fall through.

*DAVID'S SONG TO SAUL.*

Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to  
enrich,

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing  
which,

I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through  
me now!

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—  
so wilt Thou!

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost  
crown,

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down  
One spot for the creature to stand it! It is by no breath,  
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue  
with death!

As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved  
Thy power, that exists with it and for it, of being  
beloved!

He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall  
stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh  
that I seek

In 'the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it  
shall be

A face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me,  
Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever; a hand like  
this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See  
the Christ stand!

*R. Browning.*



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

“CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART.”



H for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A lowly and believing heart,  
Abhorring every sin ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine ;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good ;  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above :  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of LOVE.

*"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."*

*"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH."*



COME, thou bright and morn-  
ing Star,  
Light of Light without beginning,  
Shine upon us from afar,  
That we may be kept from sinning :  
Drive away by Thy clear light,  
Our dark night.

As the soft refreshing dew  
Falls on drooping herb and flower,  
Let Thy Spirit shed anew  
Life on every wearied power :  
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store,  
Evermore.

Let Thy Love's pure fire destroy  
All our earthly taint and leaven,  
Kindling love and holy joy  
With the dawning eastern heaven :  
Let us truly rise ere yet  
Life has set.

Ah ! Thou dayspring from on high,  
Grant that at Thy next appearing,

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

We, who in the grave do lie,  
May arise, Thy summons hearing,  
And rejoice in our new life,  
Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,  
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded ;  
Lead us through this vale of tears,  
To the land where days unclouded,  
Purest joy and perfect peace,  
Never cease.



‘THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.’



THE day is gone,  
And left alone,  
I long for that blest morrow  
Which shall set me wholly free  
From all care and sorrow.

***"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."***

The night is here,  
Oh ! be Thou near,  
With Thy bright lamp, O Jesus ;  
From the night of sin and death  
Speedily release us.

The sweet sunlight  
Fades from my sight ;  
O Glory uncreated,  
Shed Thy glowing beams on me  
Who so long have waited.

Whate'er doth move,  
Below, above,  
Now from its work reposes ;  
Show me, Lord, Thy work in me  
Ere mine eyelid closes.

When shall the day  
Abide alway,  
By night no more succeeded ?  
When the day of days arise  
Where no sun is needed ?

To Salem, then,  
No more again  
Her sunlight shall be missing ;  
For the Lamb shall be her light,  
Her eternal blessing.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh ! were I there !  
Where all the air  
With lovely sounds is ringing ;  
Where the saints are evermore  
Holy, Holy, singing !

Jesus, my rest !  
Thou ever blest !  
Oh ! help my poor endeavour ;  
Let me, in Thy glorious light,  
Shine before Thee ever.



## A VALEDICTION.

**G**OD be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee !  
Else alone thou goest forth,  
Thy face unto the north—  
Moor and pleasance, all around thee and beneath thee  
Looking equal in one snow !  
While I, who try to reach thee,

## *A VALEDICTION.*

Vainly follow, vainly follow,  
With the farewell and the hollo,  
And cannot reach thee so.  
Alas! I can but teach thee—  
God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee!

Can I teach thee, my beloved,—can I teach thee?  
If I said go left or right,  
The counsel would be light,—  
The wisdom poor of all that could enrich thee.  
My right would show like left;  
My raising would depress thee;  
My choice of light would blind thee,—  
Of way would lead behind thee,—  
Of end would leave bereft.  
Alas! I can but bless thee—  
May God teach thee, my beloved,—may God teach thee!

Can I bless thee, my beloved, can I bless thee?  
What blessing word can I  
From my own tears keep dry?  
What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?  
My good reverts to ill;  
My calmnesses would move thee;  
My softnesses would prick thee;  
My bindings-up would break thee;  
My crownings curse and kill.  
Alas! I can but love thee—  
May God bless thee, my beloved,—may God bless thee!

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Can I love thee, my beloved—can I love thee?  
And is *this* like love, to stand  
With no help in my hand,  
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee?  
My love-kiss can deny  
No tear that falls beneath it:  
My oath of love can swear thee  
From no ill that comes near thee,—  
And thou diest while I breathe it,  
And *I*, I can but die!  
May God love thee, my beloved,—may God love thee!

*E. B. Browning*

## DAY BY DAY.



“GIVE us this day our daily bread,”  
The force to toil, the strength to bear;  
By Thee the day-long march is led,  
Thy hand the manna will prepare.

“Give us this day our daily bread,”  
Thyself to be our portion give;  
That food of which the Saviour said,  
“The man that eateth it shall live.”

## DAY BY DAY.

To Thee have passed our yesterdays,  
Our morrows still are out of sight,  
And all our service, all Thy praise,  
Lie here between the dawn and night.

Thou in Thy perfect peace wilt fold  
All those who love this narrow bound,  
From fears that bar, regrets that hold,  
The pressure of the time around.

Our hearts are weak, the years are long,  
We could not bear the whole of life;  
God has not made our harness strong  
For more than one day's watch and strife.

Our daily bread thus give us, Lord,  
And teach us not to gather more;  
Poor are we in our narrow hoard,  
Rich only nourished from Thy store.

*Lucy F. Massey.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.



Glorious was that primeval light  
Which poured its golden flood  
O'er the young earth, when fresh and  
bright  
In its first bloom it stood.

But, lo! another light, that shines  
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,  
On man with richer promise beams,  
And lovelier scenes draw nigh.

Glad tidings of Immanuel's birth  
The angelic heralds bring;  
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
Goodwill towards men," they sing.

Rise, then, my soul, and greet the morn  
Thus sung by hosts of heaven;  
For unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given.

C. E.



THE WORTH OF HOURS.



THE WORTH OF HOURS.



ELIEVE not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of hours as they  
go by.

For every man's weak self,  
alas !

Makes him to see them, while  
they pass,  
As through a dim or tinted  
glass :

But if in earnest care you would  
Metre out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood,  
Those surely are not fairly spent,  
That leave your spirit bowed and bent  
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more—though free from seeming harm,  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, nor to be linked again  
By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy.

*Lord Houghton.*





“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

**F**ATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a patient mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do.  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate :  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side !  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee—  
More careful, than to serve Thee *much*,  
To please Thee perfectly.

**"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."**

There are briers besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer ;  
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee,  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me ;  
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"  
That makes Thy children "free,"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

*A. L. Waring.*



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### MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.



AM old and blind ;  
Men point at me as smitten by God's  
frown,  
Afflicted and deserted by mankind ;  
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;  
I murmur not that I no longer see—  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more  
belong,  
Father supreme ! to Thee.

*MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.*

O merciful One !

When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning towards me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,

I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown ;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see  
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;

This darkness is but the shadow of Thy wing :  
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here  
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand,

Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,  
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng  
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

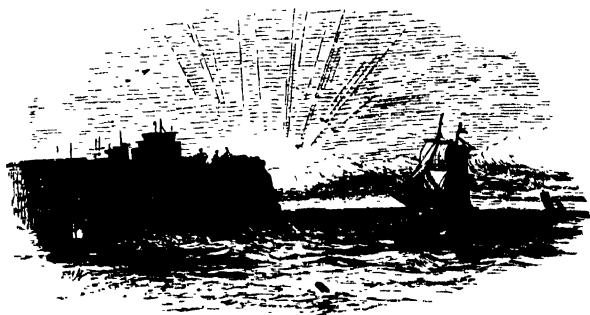
It is nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh the brow,  
That earth in darkness lies.

In a pure clime  
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire  
Lit by no skill of mine.

*E. Lloyd*





## TRUST.



COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands

Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause, His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Give to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.

*Gerhart.*

## STRENGTH, LOVE, AND REST.



FILL evermore for some great strength  
we pray,  
Seeking and yearning for it day by day ;  
A strength whereon undoubting we may  
lean,  
And find that rest we have but dimly  
seen.

To lean our heart upon another heart,  
In love that neither life nor death can  
part ;  
So seek we still to end our life-long quest,  
For only in true love we find true rest

## *STRENGTH, LOVE, AND REST.*

---

That love which makes another's life our own,  
And tunes our jarring natures to one tone ;  
The filling up of all we sought so long ;  
For leaning on itself no strength is strong.

No love is perfect here, it leads us on  
To love's great source—the Uncreated One ;  
Most true is that through which we learn to see  
Most of Thy strength, and most, O Lord, of Thee ;

Which sees, in all its happiness and bliss,  
The promise of a joy more great than this ;  
Which seeks its perfectness for evermore  
In the love-light that gilds the happy shore.

O strength, O love and rest, the light that steals  
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields !  
Faint rays we catch e'en now upon our way,  
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.

Thou art the Light, the sunshine is from Thee ;  
And in Thy heart is strength and purity ;  
'There lean our weary hearts, there ends our quest,  
For there is perfect love and perfect rest.

*L. R.*





### ABIDE WITH ME.



ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing on Thy wings ;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

*ABIDE WITH ME.*

I need Thy presence every passing hour,—  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte.*





## THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.



MORNING, evening, noon, and night,  
 "Praise God," sang Theocrite :

Then to his poor trade he turned,  
 By which the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;  
 O'er his work the boy's curls fell ;

But ever at each period,  
 He stopped and sang, " Praise God ;"

Then back again his curls he threw,  
 And cheerful turned to work anew.

## *THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.*

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done !  
I doubt not thou art heard, my son ;

"As well as if thy voice to-day  
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome  
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I  
Might praise Him that great way, and die."

Night passed, day shone,  
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway ;  
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day, nor night,  
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,  
Spread his wings, and sank to earth ;

Entered in flesh the empty cell,  
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

And morning, evening, noon, and night,  
Praised God in place of Theocrite.



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

And from a boy to youth he grew :  
The man put off the stripling's hue ;

The man matured, and fell away  
Into the season of decay ;

But ever o'er his trade he bent,  
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him all one  
If on the earth or o'er the sun.)

God said, " A praise is in Mine ear ;  
There is no doubt in it, no fear :

So sing old worlds, and so  
New worlds that from My footstool go.

Clearer loves sound other ways :  
I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell  
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,  
And passed above St. Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by  
The great outer gallery,

## *THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.*

With his holy vestments dight  
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career  
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,  
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,  
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear  
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the east with praise he turned,  
And on his sight the angel burned.

“I bore thee from thy craftsman’s cell,  
And set thee here ; I did not well.

“Vainly I left my angel’s sphere,  
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

“Thy voice’s praise seemed weak : it dropped—  
Creation’s chorus stopped !

“Go back and praise again  
The early way, while I remain.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

"With that weak voice of our disdain,  
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ;  
Return the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;  
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:  
They sought God side by side.

*Robert Browning.*

'OUR FEET SHALL STAND WITHIN THY  
GATES.'



PEN now Thy gates of beauty,  
Zion, let me enter there,  
Where my soul in joyful duty  
Waits for Him who answers prayer;  
Oh, how blessed is this place,  
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
Come Thou also down to me;  
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
There a heaven on earth must be.

***"OUR FEET SHALL STAND," ETC.***

---

To my heart, oh, enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.

Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
Here Thy seed is duly sown ;  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,  
Let me keep Thy gift divine  
Howsoe'er temptations thicken ;  
May Thy Word still o'er me shine  
As my pole-star through my life,  
As my comfort in my strife.

Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy Word be done indeed ;  
May I undisturbed draw near Thee  
While Thou dost Thy people feed ;  
Here of life the Fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.



**CHRISTIAN LYRICS.**

**'THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD  
HATH MADE.'**



**HE** dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet Summer morning  
After a night of pain.  
It comes as cooling showers  
To some enchanted land,  
As shades of clustered palm-trees  
'Mid weary wastes of sand ;

As bursts of glorious sunshine  
Across a stormy sea,  
Revealing to the sailors  
That Port where they would be,—  
The calm and peaceful Haven,  
The dazzling, golden shore,  
The home of saints and angels,  
Where sin is known no more.

O day when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy,—

*"THIS IS THE DAY," ETC.*

When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest,  
And pain to wondrous rapture,  
Upon the Saviour's breast !

Oh, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labour,  
Of steady, faithful toil ;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,  
In our humility.

And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
At His dear altar kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone—  
So many talents wasted !  
So few bright laurels won !

And, with that sorrow mingling  
A steadfast faith and sure,  
And love so deep and fervent,  
That tries to make it pure,—  
In His dear presence finding  
The pardon that we need ;

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And then the peace so lasting—  
Celestial peace indeed !

So be it, Lord, for ever !  
Oh, may we evermore  
In Jesu's holy presence  
His blessed Name adore !  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple walls—  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Sion's golden halls—

So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that Home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow,  
And sin, and strife is past ;  
When angel hands have gathered  
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer !  
Most Holy Trinity !

*Ada Cambridge.*



## THE DAY OF REST.



### THE DAY OF REST.



ALLELUJAH! Fairest morning,  
Fairer than my words can say,  
Down I lay the heavy burden  
Of life's toil and care to-day;  
While this morn of joy and love  
Brings fresh vigour from above.

Sun-day, full of holy glory!  
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,  
Light upon a darkened world  
From thy blessed moments roll;  
Holy, happy, heavenly day,  
Thou canst charm my grief away!

Now I taste my Father's goodness,  
Falling like the morning dew,  
While of pastures ever fairer  
I would take a distant view;  
Where my Shepherd's flock I see,  
Where my dwelling soon shall be!



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh ! be silent, earthly turmoil,  
I have work more sweet and blest,  
And each thought would gather homeward  
On this happy day of rest,  
Thus with clearer faith to see  
All my Lord has done for me.

In the gladness of His worship  
I will seek my joy to-day :  
It is then I learn the fulness  
Of the grace for which I pray ;  
When the word of life is given,  
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

Let the day's sweet hours be ended  
Prayerfully as they 're begun ;  
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,  
Till earth's days and weeks are done,  
That at last Thy servant may  
Keep eternal Sabbath Day.

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*





## TO A WATER-FOWL.



HITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last  
steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise or sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and the illimitable air.—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a Summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will guide my steps aright.

*Bryant.*



### THE ALPINE GENTIAN.



HE, 'neath ice mountains vast,  
Long had lain sleeping,  
When she looked forth at last  
Timidly peeping.

Tremblingly she gazed around,—  
All round her slept,  
O'er the dead icy ground  
Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,  
Still frozen seas ;  
What could her young life do  
'Mid such as these ?

Not a voice came to her,  
Not a warm breath;  
What hope lay there for her,  
Living midst death?

Mournfully pondering,  
Gazed she on high;  
White clouds were wandering  
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,  
Gentle beams kissed her;  
On her the mild moon shone  
Like a saint sister.

There, twinkling, many a star  
Danced in sweet mirth;  
The warm heavens seemed nearer far  
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly  
Loving on high,  
Till she grew heavenly  
Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles  
Near her which grew,  
'Thawed in her skyey bells,  
Fed her with dew:

*IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO THEE AGAIN.*


---

And the tired traveller  
Gazing abroad,  
Fixing his eyes on her  
Thinketh of God,—

Thinks how 'mid life's cold snow,  
Hearts to God given  
Breathe out where'er they go  
Summer and heaven.

*Excelsior.*

**IT SHALL BE RETURNED TO THEE AGAIN.**

HY love  
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,  
After its own life working. A child-kiss,  
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;  
A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;  
A sick man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

*E. B. Browning.*





### SPEAK GENTLY.



SPEAK gently! it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently friendship's accents flow;  
Affection's voice is kind!

Speak gently to the little child,  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain!

## *SPEAK GENTLY.*

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this world as best they may,  
'T is full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one ;  
Grieve not the careworn heart :  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
Let no harsh tone be heard ;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ! know  
They may have toiled in vain ;  
Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
Oh ! win them back again.

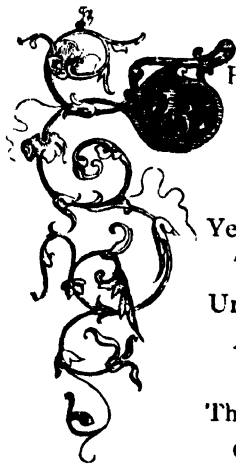
Speak gently ! He who gave His life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently ! 't is a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell !





## THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING



THINK gently of the erring :  
Ye know not of the power  
With which the dark temptation came  
In some unguarded hour.  
Ye may not know how earnestly  
They struggled, or how well,  
Until the hour of weakness came  
And sadly thus they fell.

'Think gently of the erring :  
Oh ! do not thou forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is thy brother yet ;

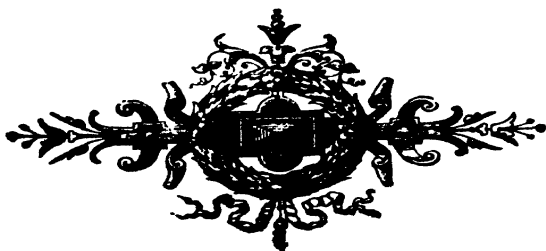
*THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.*

---

Heir of the selfsame heritage,  
Child of the selfsame God,  
He has but stumbled in the path  
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring :  
For is it not enough  
That innocence and peace have gone,  
Without thy censure rough ?  
It sure must be a weary lot,  
That sin-stained heart to bear,  
And those who share a happier fate  
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring :  
Thou yet may'st lead them back  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track :  
Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be ;  
Deal gently with the erring, then,  
As God has dealt with thee.





## JUDGE NOT.



JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
 And of his heart thou canst not see:  
 What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
 In God's pure light may only be  
 A scar, brought from some well-won  
 field,  
 Where thou wouldst only faint and  
 yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,  
 May be a token hat below  
 The soul has closed in deadly fight  
 With some infernal fiery foe,  
 Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
 And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

## JUDGE NOT.

The fall thou darest to despise—  
    Maybe the slackened angel's hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
    And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,  
    With hopeful pity, not disdain:  
The depth of the abyss may be  
    The measure of the height of pain,  
The love and glory, that may raise  
This soul to God in after days.

*A. A. Procter.*

## THE BETTER WILL.



O have, each day, the thing I wish,  
    Lord, that seems best to me;  
But not to have the thing I wish,  
    Lord, that seems best to Thee.

'Tis hard to say without a sigh,  
    Lord, let Thy will be done;  
'Tis hard to say, my will is Thine,  
    And Thine is mine alone.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Most truly then Thy will is done  
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;  
'Tis good to see my plan o'erthrown,  
My ways in Thine all lost.

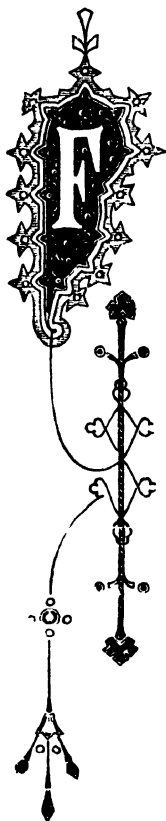
Whate'er Thy purpose be O Lord,  
In things or great or small,  
Let each minutest part be done  
That Thou mayst still be all.

In all the little things of life  
Thyself, Lord, may I see;  
In little and in great alike  
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life  
To Thee, my God, be given;  
And all this earthly course below  
Be one dear path to heaven.

*Rev. H. Bonar.*





**"WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE  
BEAUTY OF HOLINESS." -**

ULI. rings in every heart and ear  
The Sabbath matin-chime,  
The while eternity draws near  
Adown the isles of time.  
The while, with hands upraised to bless,  
She veils in smiles her awfulness.

The day is come, an angel's psalm  
With music fills the air,  
And tells of peace and breathes of balm  
And draws our hearts to prayer;  
While Nature's glory lends us wings  
For pure and high imaginings.

Sweet day of worship, day of rest,  
Heaven's impress on our life,—  
May weary heart and brain oppressed  
Now cease from care and strife;  
And in communion still and sweet  
Sit slowly at the Master's feet.

It comes long looked for, weary eyes  
Have pined its light to see,  
Have waited till the morning rise  
As prisoners to be free.  
For thus, by sign and shadow known,  
Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

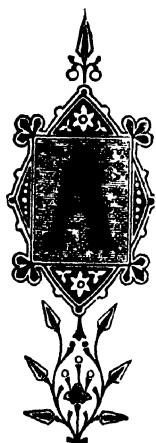
We, gazing up through cloud and mist,  
The pearly gates behold,  
The jasper and the amethyst,  
The streets of shining gold ;  
Until, without, we yet begin  
The thankful song they chant within.

Bright Eastern glow, it lasteth long,  
Fair shines the noontide light,  
Yet surely comes the even-song  
And solemn hush of night,  
When anthem sweet, and chanted stave,  
Must die from roof and architrave.

Yet may the blessing of the time  
Hold every heart in peace ;  
Echoes of the eternal chime  
Linger when songs must cease ;  
May God who dwelleth everywhere  
Make all the world our house of prayer.

Till we abide where perfectly  
God's love shall rule our days,  
Where all our work a prayer shall be,  
And all our power be praise.  
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,  
To set no more in eventide.

*Lucy F. Massey.*



### THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

LITTLE brook went singing,  
All through the summer hours,  
Ever a low soft murmur  
It whispered to the flowers.  
The bulrush and the sedge-grass  
Its leafy border made,  
And the low bending willow  
Gave cold and quiet shade.




The young birds loved its shelter,  
And listened to its song,  
They tried to learn its cadence,  
As it carolled it along.  
What was the brooklet singing,  
What did its murmur say,  
Its dreamy tones of music  
Through all the summer-day?



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*


---



A child came to its margin,  
It sang its song to her :  
“Fair child,” it said, “I’m joyous  
As spring-time’s flowerets are.  
For life is glad and sunny,  
And who so gay as I ?  
For flowerets kiss me as I pass  
Beneath the glowing sky.”

A maiden watched the brooklet,  
To her its low voice said,  
“Calm thy life has always been  
In this fair meadow led ;  
If clouds have dimmed the brightness,  
They quickly passed away,  
And when I’ve reached the river,  
I shall be always gay.”

Long years had changed the maiden,  
When there she stood again ;  
Youth’s glee had left her spirit,  
Her eyes were dim with pain.  
Was it the song her childhood  
Or that her girlhood knew,  
That reached her world-worn spirit.  
Watching its waters blue ?



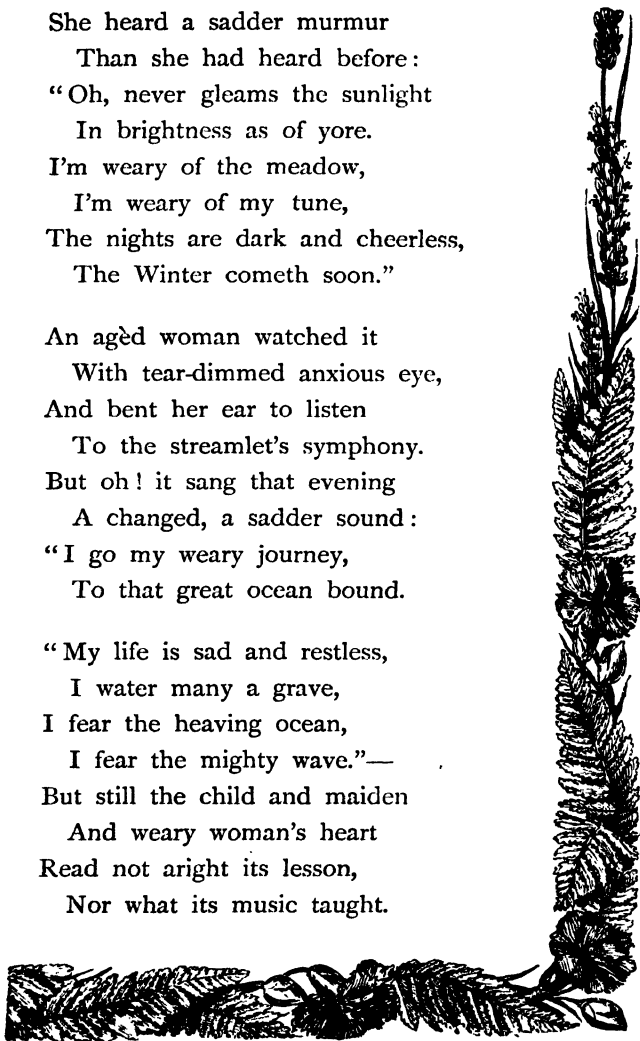
## THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

---

She heard a sadder murmur  
Than she had heard before :  
"Oh, never gleams the sunlight  
In brightness as of yore.  
I'm weary of the meadow,  
I'm weary of my tune,  
The nights are dark and cheerless,  
The Winter cometh soon."

An aged woman watched it  
With tear-dimmed anxious eye,  
And bent her ear to listen  
To the streamlet's symphony.  
But oh ! it sang that evening  
A changed, a sadder sound :  
"I go my weary journey,  
To that great ocean bound.

"My life is sad and restless,  
I water many a grave,  
I fear the heaving ocean,  
I fear the mighty wave."—  
But still the child and maiden  
And weary woman's heart  
Read not aright its lesson,  
Nor what its music taught.



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Their own hearts beat too loudly  
The stream's low tones to hear,  
Their spirits' voices heard they,  
And not its music clear.  
I'll tell you what it murmured,  
What were the words it sung,  
As bluebells kissed its waters,  
And sedge-grass o'er it hung.

It said, "My life is humble,  
But very tranquil too ;  
I gaze for ever upwards  
On that deep sky of blue.  
After the cloudlets gather,  
The sunshine seems more bright ;  
I know the morning cometh,  
Though dark may be the night.

"Sometimes the flowerets wither,--  
I make them fresh again ;  
I bathe the thirsty willows  
When falls no gentle rain  
The work my Maker gives me  
It makes me glad to do,  
His smile is in the sunshine,  
His blessing in the dew.

*THE STREAMLET'S SONG.*

“The ocean I am nearing  
Is beautiful and fair :  
He leads me through the meadow,  
He'll make me happy there.  
And anywhere and everywhere,  
So that I do his will,  
And do my life's work bravely,  
I shall be happy still.”

*L.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

OMNIPRESENCE.



FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy  
love

Beaming through all Thy works we see;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,  
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds—invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,  
But this we know, that where Thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with  
Thee.

Thy children shall not faint or fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought,  
Since Thou their God art everywhere,  
They cannot be where Thou art not.

*Bowring.*



### THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,  
Now high the mountain riding,  
The low vale now dividing,  
Whither away?"

"With pilgrim course I flow ;  
Or in summer's searching glow,  
Or in moonless waste of snow  
Nor stop, nor stay :

"For oh, by high behest,  
To a home of glorious rest,  
In my parent ocean's breast,  
I haste away."

"Many a dark morass,  
Many a craggy mass,  
Thy feeble force must pass,  
Yet, yet, delay !"

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

“Though the marsh be dire and deep,  
Though the crag be stern and steep,  
On, on, my course must keep,  
I may not stay.

“For oh! be it east or west,  
To a home of glorious rest,  
In the bright sea’s boundless breast,  
I haste away.”

“The warbling bowers beside thee,  
The laughing flowers that hide thee,  
With soft accord they chide thee,  
Sweet brooklet, stay!”

“I taste of the fragrant flowers,  
I respond to the warbling bowers,  
Sweetly they charm the hours  
On my winding way.

“But ceaseless still in quest  
Of that eternal rest  
In my parent’s boundless breast,  
I haste away.”

“Knowest thou the drear abyss?  
Is it a scene of bliss?  
Oh! rather cling to this:  
Sweet brooklet, stay!”

*THE BROOKLET.*

“Oh! who shall fitly tell  
What wonders there may dwell?  
That world of mystery well  
Might strike dismay!

“But I know 'tis my parent's breast;  
There held, I must needs be blest;  
And with joy to my promised rest  
I haste away!”

*Sir R. Grant.*







### A MORNING PRAYER.



HE golden morn flames up the eastern sky,  
And what dark night had hid from every eye  
All piercing daylight summons clear to view;  
And all the forest, vale, or plain, or hill,  
That slept in mist enshrouded, dark and still,  
In gladsome light are glittering now anew.

Shine in my heart and bring me joy and light,  
Sun of my darken'd soul, dispel its night,  
And shed in it the truthful day abroad;  
And all the many gloomy folds lay bare  
Within this heart that fain would learn to wear  
The pure and glorious likeness of its Lord.

## *A MORNING PRAYER.*

Glad with Thy light, and glowing with Thy love,  
So let me ever think, and speak, and move,  
    As fits a soul new-touched with life from heaven.  
That seeks but so to order all her course,  
As most to show the glory of that source  
    By whom alone her strength, her life are given.

I ask not, Take away this weight of care ;  
No, for that love I pray that all can bear,  
    And for the faith that whatsoe'er befall  
Must needs be good, and for my profit prove,  
Since from my Father's heart, most rich in love,  
    And from His bounteous hands it cometh all.

I ask not that my course be calm and still ;  
No, here too, Lord, be done Thy holy will ;  
    I ask but for a quiet, childlike heart ;  
Though thronging cares and restless toil be mine,  
Yet may my heart remain for ever Thine,  
    Draw it from earth, and fix it where Thou art.

I ask Thee not to finish soon the strife,  
The toil, the trouble of this earthly life ;  
    No, be my peace amid its grief and pain.  
I pray not grant me *now* Thy realm on high ;  
No, ere I die let me to evil die,  
    And through Thy cross my sins be wholly slain.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

True Morning Sun of all my life, I pray  
That not in vain Thou shine on me to-day,  
Be Thou my light when all around is gloom ;  
Thy brightness, hope, and courage on me shed,  
That I may joy to see, when life is fled,  
The setting sun that brings the pilgrim home.

*Lyra Germanica.*



## ADVENT HYMN.



WATCHMAN, will the night of sin  
Be never past ?  
O watchman, doth the tarrying day  
begin  
To dawn upon thy straining sight at  
last ?  
Will it dispel  
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I  
dwell ?

Now all the earth is bright and glad  
With the fresh morn ;

## *ADVENT HYMN.*

But all my heart is cold, and dark, and sad ;  
Sun of the soul, let me behold Thy dawn !

Come, Jesus, Lord !

Oh, quickly come, according to Thy word !

Do we not live in those blest days

So long foretold,

When Thou shouldst come to bring us light and grace ?  
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,

Pining to see

Thy glory ; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou camest for the light

Of all men here ;

And still in me is nought but blackest night.  
Yet am I Thine : oh, hasten to appear,

Shine forth and bless

My soul with vision of Thy righteousness !

If thus in darkness ever left,

Can I fulfil

The works of light, while yet of light bereft ?  
Or how discern in love and meekness still

To follow Thee,

And all the sinful works of darkness flee ?

The light of reason cannot give

Life to my soul ;

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Jesus alone can make me truly live,  
One glance of His can make my spirit whole.  
    Arise, and shine,  
O Jesus, on this longing heart of mine !

Single and clear, not weak or blind,  
    The eye must be  
    To which Thy glory shall an entrance find;  
For if Thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,  
    No earthly screen  
Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jesus, do Thou mine eyes unseal,  
    And let them grow  
    Quick to discern whate'er Thou dost reveal,  
So shall I be delivered from that woe,  
    Blindly to stray  
Through hopeless night, while all around is day.

*Lyra Germanica.*





## THE SECOND DAY.

*"And God said, Let there be a firmament."*



world I deem  
 But a beautiful dream  
 Of shadows that are not what they seem,  
 Where visions arise,  
 Giving dim surmise  
 Of the sights that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !  
 Creating Word !  
 Whose glory the silent skies record,  
 Where stands Thy name

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---



In scrolls of flame,  
On the firmament's high shadowing frame !

I gaze o'erhead,  
Where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed ;  
And stored the dew  
In its depths of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine  
Through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine  
Beams forth the light,  
That were else too bright  
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem  
The world will seem  
When we waken from life's uncertain dream,  
And burst the shell  
Where our spirits dwell  
In this wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof  
At the tissued roof  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of kings  
As a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

## THE SECOND DAY.

---

As a tapestried tent,  
To shade us meant  
From the bare everlasting firmament,  
Where the blaze of the skies  
Comes soft to our eyes  
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see  
As in truth they be,  
The glories of heaven that encompass me,  
I should lightly hold  
The tissued fold  
Of this marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

And soon the whole,  
As a parchèd scroll,  
Shall to my amazed sight uproll ;  
And without a screen  
At one burst be seen  
The presence in which I have ever been.

Oh ! who shall bear  
The blinding glare  
Of the majesty that shall meet us there ?  
What eye can gaze  
On the unveiled blaze  
Of the light-gilded throne of the Ancient of Days ?

Christ us aid !  
Himself be our shade,  
That in that dread day we be not dismayed

*Whytehead.*





THE SHEPHERDS.



HERE the lambs sleep, there shep-  
herds watch around ;  
Where shepherds pray, there angels  
fill the plain ;  
Where angels sing, heaven comes  
to earth again ;  
Where Jesus is, there heaven below  
is found.

The shepherds watch beneath the  
solemn sky,

Looking above, till terror dims their view :  
“ These blessèd songs, come they, O stars, from you,  
Or can a sinner’s harp be tuned so high ? ”

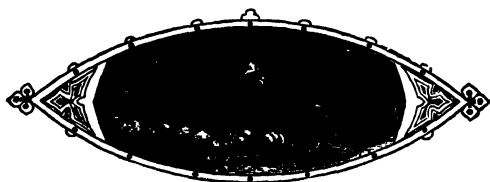
On earth appeared a shining angel host,  
And thus their heavenly message, wondering, told :

“ To you the Saviour Christ is born to-day ! ”

Forsaking all, the watchers sped away  
To seek their Shepherd, and to join His fold,—  
Sure this glad night no little lamb is lost !

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

*THE STAR IN THE EAST.*




THE STAR IN THE EAST.

S the sages from afar  
Did behold the guiding star,  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
Jesu, to Thy lowly bed ;  
There to bend the knee before  
Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King.



Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And when earth shall be no more,  
Bring us to the heavenly shore,  
Where we need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In that heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light :  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

---

“GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”



H ! let us all be glad to-day,  
And with the shepherds homage pay ;  
Come, see what God to us hath given,  
His only Son, sent down from heaven.

Awake, my soul ! from sadness rise,  
Come, see what in the manger lies :  
Who is this smiling infant Child ?—  
'T is little Jesus meek and mild.

*"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!"*

---

Twice welcome, O Thou heavenly Guest!  
To save a world with sin distressed;  
Com'st Thou in lowly guise for me?  
What homage shall I give to Thee?

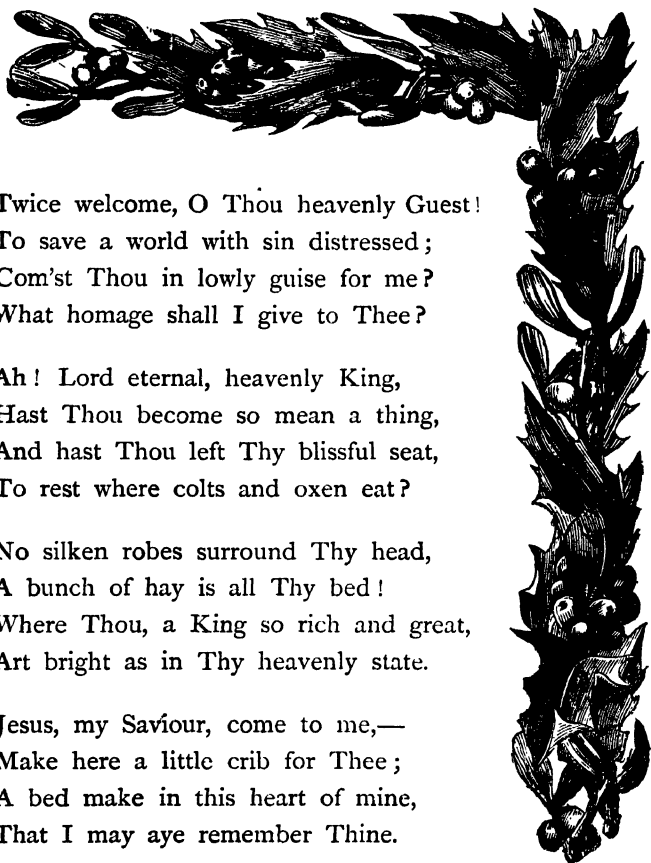
Ah! Lord eternal, heavenly King,  
Hast Thou become so mean a thing,  
And hast Thou left Thy blissful seat,  
To rest where colts and oxen eat?

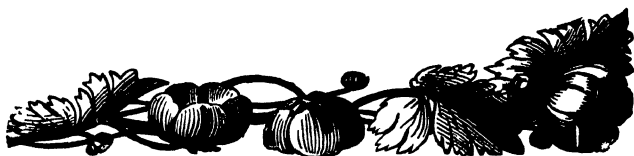
No silken robes surround Thy head,  
A bunch of hay is all Thy bed!  
Where Thou, a King so rich and great,  
Art bright as in Thy heavenly state.

Jesus, my Saviour, come to me,—  
Make here a little crib for Thee;  
A bed make in this heart of mine,  
That I may aye remember Thine.

Then from my soul glad songs shall ring—  
Of Thee each day I'll gladly sing;  
Then glad hosannas will I raise  
From heart that loves to sing Thy praise.

*Translated from the German, by J. Hunt.*





NEW YEAR.



HANK God that toward eternity  
Another step is won !  
Oh, longing turns my heart to Thee  
As time flows slowly on,  
Thou Fountain whence my life is born,  
Whence those rich streams of joy are  
drawn  
That through my being run !

I count the hours, the days, the years,  
That stretch in tedious line,  
Until, O Life, that hour appears,  
When, at Thy touch divine,  
Whate'er is mortal now in me  
Shall be consumed for aye in Thee,  
And deathless life be mine.  
  
So glows Thy love within this frame,  
That, touched with keenest fire,  
My whole soul kindles in the flame  
Of one intense desire  
To be in Thee, and Thou in me,  
And e'en while yet on earth to be  
Still pressing closer, nigher !

Oh that I soon might Thee behold !

I count the moments o'er ;

Ah ! come, ere yet my heart grows cold,

And cannot call Thee more !

Come in Thy glory, for Thy bride

Hath girt her for the holy-tide,

And waiteth at the door.

And since Thy Spirit sheds abroad

The oil of grace in me,

And Thou art inly near me, Lord,

And I am lost in Thee,

So shines in me the Living Light,

And steadfast burns my lamp and bright,

To greet Thee joyously.

Come ! is the voice then of Thy bride ;

She loudly prays Thee, come !

With faithful heart she long hath cried,

Come quickly, Jesus, come !

Come, O my Bridegroom, Lamb of God,

Thou knowest I am Thine, dear Lord,

Come down and take me home.

Yet be the hour that none can tell

Left wholly to Thy choice ;

Although I know Thou lov'st it well,

That I with heart and voice



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Should bid Thee come, and from this day  
Care but to meet Thee on Thy way,  
And at Thy sight rejoice.

I joy that from Thy love divine  
No power can part me now,  
That I may dare to call Thee mine ;  
My Friend, my Lord, avow  
That I, O Prince of Life, shall be  
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee ;  
My portion, Lord, art Thou.

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow,  
That one more year is gone,  
And of this time, so poor, so slow,  
Another step is won ;  
And with a heart that may not wait,  
Toward yonder distant golden gate  
I journey gladly on.

And when the wearied hands grow weak,  
And wearied knees give way  
To sinking faith, oh, quickly speak,  
And make Thine arm my stay ;  
That so my heart drink in new strength,  
And I speed on, nor feel the length  
Nor steepness of the way.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

---

Then on, my soul, with fearless faith,  
Let nought thy terror move ;  
Nor aught that earthly pleasure saith  
E'er tempt thy steps to rove :  
If slow Thy course seem o'er the waste,  
Mount upwards with the eagle's haste,  
On wings of tireless love.

O Jesus, all my soul hath flown  
Already up to Thee,  
For Thou, in whom is love alone,  
Hast wholly conquered me.  
Farewell, ye phantoms, day and year,  
Eternity is round me here,  
Since, Lord, I live in Thee.

*Lyra Germanica. Second Series.*



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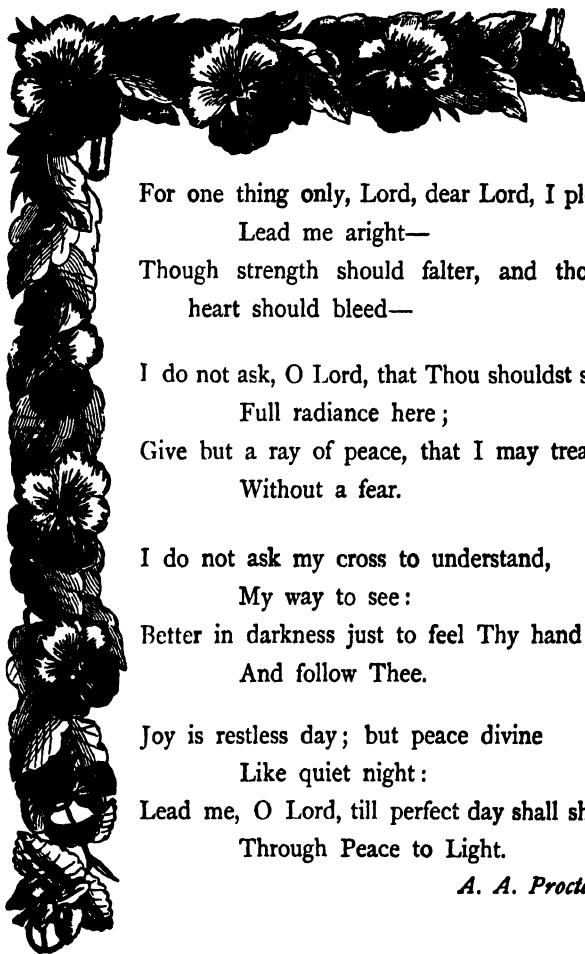
THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.



DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.





For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
    Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter, and though  
    heart should bleed—

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
    Full radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
    Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
    My way to see :  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
    And follow Thee.

Joy is restless day ; but peace divine  
    Like quiet night :  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
    Through Peace to Light.

*A. A. Procter.*



TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW.



IS late at night, and in the realm of  
sleep  
My little lambs are folded like the  
flocks ;  
From room to room I hear the wakeful  
clocks  
Challenge the passing hour, like guards  
that keep  
Their solitary watch on tower and  
steep ;  
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,  
And through the opening door that time unlocks  
Feel the fresh breathing of to-morrow creep.

To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,  
Who cries to me, "Remember Barmecide,  
And tremble to be happy with the rest."  
And I make answer : "I am satisfied ;  
I dare not ask ; I know not what is best ;  
God hath already said what shall betide."

*Longfellow.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



RESIGNATION.

HERE is no flock however watched  
and tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-  
fended,

But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the  
dying,

And mournings for the dead ;

The heart of Rachel, for her children  
crying,

Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! these severe  
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;

Amid these earthly damps,

What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers,

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;

This life of mortal breath

## *RESIGNATION.*

Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ,  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

*Longfellow.*



OUT OF SIGHT.



W<sup>H</sup>AT though the stream be dead,  
Its banks all still and dry!  
It murmereth now o'er a lovelier bed  
In the air-groves of the sky.

What though our prayers from death  
The queen rose might not save!  
With brighter bloom and balmier breath  
She springeth from the grave.

What though our bird of light  
Lie mute with plumage dim!  
In heaven I see her glancing bright—  
I hear her angel hymn.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

What though the dark tree smile  
No more with our dove's calm sleep !  
She folds her wing on a sunny isle  
In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe  
Hath left her still retreat ;  
But purer now in heavenly snow  
She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star untimely set !  
Why should we weep for thee ?  
Thy bright and dewy coronet  
Is rising o'er the sea.

*John Wilson.*

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.



THOU blossom bright with Autumn dew,  
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

*Bryant.*

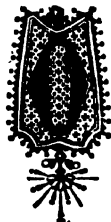




## A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

*A. A. E. C.*

*Born July, 1848. Died November, 1849.*



Of English blood, of Tuscan birth,  
What country should we give her?  
Instead of any on the earth,  
The civic heavens receive her.

And here, among the English tombs,  
In Tuscan ground we lay her,  
While the blue Tuscan sky endomes  
Our English words of prayer.



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

A little child ! how long she lived  
By months, not years, is reckoned :  
Born in one July, she survived  
Alone to see a second.

Bright-featured, as the July sun  
Her little face still played in,  
And splendours, with her birth begun,  
Had had no time for fading.

So LILY, from those July hours,  
No wonder we should call her ;  
She looked such kinship to the flowers,  
Was but a little taller.

A Tuscan lily, only white,  
As Dante, in abhorrence  
Of red corruption, wished aright  
The lilies of his Florence.

We could not wish her whiter, her  
Who perfumed with pure blossom  
The house ! a lovely thing to wear  
Upon a mother's bosom !

This July creature thought perhaps  
Our speech not worth assuming ;  
She sat upon her parents' laps,  
And mimicked the gnat's humming ;

## *A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.*

---

Said, "Father," "Mother"—then left off,  
For tongues celestial fitter.  
Her hair had grown just long enough  
To catch heaven's jasper-glitter.

Babes! Love could always hear and see  
Behind the cloud that hid them,  
"Let little children come to Me,  
And do not thou forbid them."

So, unforbidding, have we met,  
And gently here have laid her,  
Though winter is no time to get  
The flowers that should o'erspread her.

We should bring pansies quick with Spring,  
Rose, violet, daffodilly,  
And also, above everything,  
White lilies for our Lily.

Nay, more than flowers this grave exacts,  
Glad, graceful attestations  
Of her sweet eyes and pretty acts,  
With calm renunciations.

Her very mother with light feet  
Should leave the place too earthy,  
Saying, "The angels have thee, Sweet,  
Because we were not worthy!"

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

But winter kills the orange-buds,  
The gardens in the frost are,  
And all the heart dissolves in floods,  
Remembering we have lost her.

Poor earth, poor heart,—too weak, too weak,  
To miss the July shining:  
Poor heart! what bitter words we speak  
When God speaks of resigning!

Sustain this heart in us that faints,  
Thou God, the self-existent!  
We catch up wild at parting saints,  
And feel Thy heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin  
Has ruffled all our vesture,  
On the shut door that let them in  
We beat with frantic gesture.

To us, us also,—open straight!  
The outer life is chilly:  
Are *we* too, like the earth, to wait  
Till next year for our Lily?

But God gives patience, love learns strength,  
And faith remembers promise,  
And hope itself can smile at length  
On other hopes gone from us.

## *A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.*

---

Love, strong as death, shall conquer Death;  
Through struggle made more glorious,  
This mother stills her sobbing breath,  
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms, empty of her child, she lifts,  
With spirit unbereaven,—  
“God will not all take back His gifts;  
My Lily’s mine in heaven!

“Still mine! maternal rights serene  
Not given to another!  
The crystal bars shine faint between  
The souls of child and mother.

“Meanwhile,” the mother cries, “content  
Our love was well divided:  
Its sweetness following where she went,  
Its anguish stayed where I did.

“Well done of God to halve the lot,  
And give her all the sweetness;  
To us, the empty room and cot,—  
To her, the heaven’s completeness.

“To us, this grave—to her, the rows  
The mystic palm-trees spring in;  
To us, the silence in the house,—  
To her, the choral singing.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“For her, to gladden in God’s view,—  
For us to hope and bear on!—  
Grow, Lily, in thy garden new,  
Beside the Rose of Sharon.

“Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily clipped,  
In love more calm than this is,—  
And may the angels, dewy-lipped,  
Remind thee of our kisses ;

“While none shall tell thee of our tears,  
These human tears now falling,  
Till after a few patient years,  
One home shall take us all in.

“Child, father, mother,—who left out?  
Not father, and not mother ;  
And when, our dying couch about,  
The natural mists shall gather,

“Some smiling angel close shall stand  
In old Correggio’s fashion,  
And bear a Lily in his hand,  
For death’s annunciation.”

*E. B. Browning.*



*"HOW OLD ART THOU?"*

*"HOW OLD ART THOU?"*



COUNT not the days that have  
idly flown,  
The years that were vainly  
spent ;  
Nor speak of the hours thou  
must blush to own  
When thy spirit stands before the  
throne  
To account for the talents  
lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,  
The moments employed for heaven ;  
Oh ! few and evil thy days have been,  
Thy life a toilsome but worthless scene,  
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial-plate ?  
Will thy sun stand still on his way ?  
Both hasten on ; and thy spirit's fate  
Rests on the point of life's little date :  
Then live while 't is called to-day.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Life's waning hours, like the Sibyl's page,  
As they lessen, in value rise :  
Oh, rouse thee and live ! nor deem man's age  
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,  
But in days that are truly wise.



## COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.



COMMIT thy way to God,  
The weight which makes thee faint ;  
Worlds are to Him no load.  
To Him breathe thy complaint :  
He who for winds and clouds  
Maketh a pathway free,  
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,  
Can make a way for thee.

*COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.*

---

Thou must in Him be blest  
Ere bliss can be secure ;  
On His work must thou rest,  
If thy work shall endure.  
To anxious, prying thought,  
And weary, fretting care,  
The Highest yieldeth nought ;  
He giveth all to prayer.

Father ! Thy faithful love,  
Thy mercy, wise and mild,  
Secs what will blessing prove,  
Or what will hurt Thy child  
And what Thy wise foreseeing  
Doth for Thy children choose,  
Thou bringest into being,  
Nor suff'rest them to lose.

All means always possessing,  
Invincible in might !  
Thy doings are all blessing,  
Thy goings are all light.  
Nothing Thy work suspending,  
No foe can make Thee pause,  
When Thou, Thine own defending,  
Dost undertake their cause.





## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---



Hope then, though woes be doubled,  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
Let not thy heart be troubled,  
Nor let it be afraid.  
This prison where thou art,  
Thy God will break it soon,  
And flood with light thy heart  
In His own blessed noon.

Up, up ! the day is breaking ;  
Say to thy cares, good night !  
Thy troubles from thee shaking  
Like dreams in day's fresh light.  
Thou wearest not the crown,  
Nor the best course canst tell ;  
God sitteth on the throne,  
And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern, then !  
No king can rule like Him.  
How wilt thou wonder, when  
Thine eyes no more are dim,  
To see those paths which vex thee  
How wise they were and meet ;  
The works which now perplex thee,  
How beautiful complete !

## COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

---

Faithful the love thou sharest,  
All, all is well with thee!  
The crown from hence thou bearest  
With shouts of victory.  
In thy right hand to-morrow  
Thy God shall place the palms;  
To Him who chased thy sorrow  
How glad will be thy psalms!

*Paul Gerhardt.*





RESIGNATION.

ATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise :

“Give me a calm, a thankful  
heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace  
impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

“Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end !”

*Steele.*



HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.



HOPED that with the brave and strong  
My portioned task might lie ;  
To toil amid the busy throng  
With purpose pure and high :  
But God has fixed another part,  
And He has fixed it well ;  
I said so with my breaking heart,  
When first this anguish fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,  
These days of misery,  
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost—  
Can I but turn to Thee ;  
With secret labour to sustain  
In patience every blow,  
To gather fortitude from pain,  
And holiness from woe.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

If thou shouldst bring me back to life,  
More humble I should be,  
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on Thee ;  
Should death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow ;  
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,  
Oh, let me serve Thee now !

*Anne Brontë.*

## THE PROMISED ONE.

*(From "David playing before Saul.")*



SEE! the dull dense clouds are breaking  
Slowly, slowly into light away,  
And my mental sense is waking,  
Dazzled by a brighter ray  
Than e'er, the east with glory streaking,  
Glanced from the opening eyes of day.

Is it come?—that glimpse of heaven  
For which my soul so long hath striven,  
Diving for lore obscure and high  
In the darkling depths of prophecy?  
Avaunt thee, fiend!—the woman's Seed shall tread  
On the fierce terrors of the Serpent's head.

## *THE PROMISED ONE.*

I know Him by the light He giveth ;  
I know that my Redeemer liveth :  
He shall stand upon the earth,  
Godlike in His mortal birth ;  
In Him the sons of sorrow shall find rest  
And all the nations of the world be blest.

Yes, I know Him from afar,—  
Israel's Sceptre, Jacob's Star ;  
For, like him on Zophim's brow,  
Him of the gifted eye,  
I shall see Him, but not now,  
Behold Him, but not nigh.

Be it so ! on other eyes  
Let the Promised One arise,  
While mine own are curtained deep  
In their last and soundest sleep :  
Enough for me, what Hope sublime  
Can to her humble child allow ;  
Enough ! anticipating time,  
She feels Him and adores Him now.

*Hankinson.*





## LOVE TO GOD.



WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless  
gifts

On ocean and on land;  
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth  
Rejoicing in his might,  
And kindle earth to glowing life  
And beauty with his light.

Because Thou roll'st the orbs of light  
Through trackless fields of space,  
And giv'st to each low creeping flower  
Its fragrance and its grace:  
Because in sunshine and in storm  
Alike we see Thee near;

## *LOVE TO GOD.*

In summer gale and rushing wind,  
Alike Thy voice we hear;

'Tis not alone because Thy names  
Of Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
Are written on the earth beneath,  
The glorious skies above :  
For these, Thy gifts, we praise Thee, Lord;  
Yet not for these alone  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way ;  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still ;  
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
Yet Thou forsakest not ;—



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
    With everlasting love ;  
Because Thy Son came down to die,  
    That we might live above ;  
Because when we were heirs of wrath,  
    Thou gavest hopes of heaven :  
Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,  
    And much have been forgiven.

*I. A. E.*



TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.



TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.



AS the harp-strings only render  
All their treasures of sweet sound,  
All their music, glad or tender,  
Firmly struck or tightly bound ;

So the hearts of Christians owe  
Each its deepest, sweetest strain,  
To the pressure firm of woe,  
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed their pungence yield,  
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;  
Would you have its strength revealed,  
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame  
Oft doth sweetest graces yield ;  
And through suffering, toil, and shame,  
From the martyr's keenest flame,  
Heavenly incense is distilled.

*The Voice of Christian Life in Song.*



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :  
“Peace on the earth—good will to men  
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O’er all the weary world.  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on heavenly wing,  
And ever o’er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

## *A CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

Yet with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long,  
Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
'The love-song which they bring,—  
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing—  
Oh, rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold !  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

*E. H. Sears.*

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

"LORD, THAT I MIGHT RECEIVE MY SIGHT."



LORD! we sit and cry to Thee,

Like the blind beside the way :  
Make our darkened souls to see  
The glory of Thy perfect day!  
Lord, rebuke our sullen night,  
And give Thyself unto our sight!

Lord! we do not ask to gaze  
On our dim and earthly sun;  
But the light that still shall blaze  
When every star its course hath run,  
The light that gilds Thy blest abode,  
The glory of the Lamb of God.

*Milman.*

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

THE baby wept;  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,  
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;  
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,  
From present pain, and future unknown harms,  
And baby sleeps.

*Hinds.*



## ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.



ROBIN, to the bare bough clinging,  
What can thy blithe music mean?  
Like a hidden fount, thy singing  
Seems to clothe the trees with green.

What warm nest for thee hath Nature  
Where thy soft red breast to lay?  
Sing'st thou, little homeless creature,  
For the crumbs we strewed to-day?

Other birds have fled this dun light,  
Soaring on to regions fair,  
Singing in the richest sunlight,  
Singing in the starlit air;

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Hiding 'mid the broad-leaved shadows  
Of the southern woods at noon,  
Filling all the flower-starred meadows  
With the melodies of June.

Knowest thou the woods have voices,  
Poet voices, full and clear ;  
Strains at which the heart rejoices,  
Feeling the unspoken near ;

Pouring music like a river,  
Many toned and deep and strong,  
Tones, 'midst which, like childhood's, quiver  
Thy few notes of simple song ?

Then the "crimson-tippèd" thing,  
Like a daisy among birds,  
With a quiet glee, did sing  
Strains condensed thus in words :

" Well I know the joyous mazes  
Of the songs so full and fine ;—  
Very faint would be God's praises,  
Sounded by no voice but mine !

" Yet the little child's sweet laughter,  
Wakes it no responsive smile,  
Though the poet singeth after,  
And the angels all the while ?

*ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.*

“What I sing I cannot measure,  
Why I sing I cannot say,  
But I know a well of pleasure  
Springeth in my heart all day.”

So I learned that crumbs are able  
Lowly hearts to fill with song—  
Crumbs from off that festal table  
Lowly hearts will join ere long.

He who wintry hours hath given,  
With the snows gives snowdrops birth;  
And while angels sing in heaven,  
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,  
Music dieth in the dust;  
Nothing that but creeps can sing;  
Soaring, we can sing and trust.

*Excelsior.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

MAKE THY FACE TO SHINE UPON THY  
SERVANT."



CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beam I see:  
Till they inward life impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,  
Fill me, Radiancy divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief!  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

*Toplady.*

*LOOKING UNTO JESUS.*

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.



HOU, who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality;  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast passed from earth—passed to  
Thy home on high.

Man may no longer trace,  
In Thy celestial face,  
The image of the bright, the view-  
less One;  
Nor may Thy servants hear,  
Save with faith's raptured ear,  
Thy voice of tenderness, God's only Son!

Our eyes behold 'Thee not,  
Yet hast Thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;  
Before Thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where Thou art, there may they also be.

It was no path of flowers,  
Through this dark world of ours,

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread ;  
And shall we, in dismay,  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou who art our Life,  
Be with us through the strife !  
Was not Thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed ?  
Raise Thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom  
Which hovers o'er the tomb,  
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

*Christian Examiner.*





“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”



O when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee, .  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray too for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be :

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then for thyself in meekness  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,—  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way;  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above  
Shall reach His throne of glory  
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall:  
Remember in thy gladness  
His love who gave thee all.

*Jane C. Simpson.*



*LET US PRAY.*

LET US PRAY.



ORD, what a change within us one short  
hour

Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!

What burdens lighten, what temptations  
slake,

What parchèd grounds refresh as with a  
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to  
lower;

We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and  
clear:

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power!

Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong—

Or others—that we are not always strong,

That we are ever overborne with care,

That we should ever weak or heartless be,

Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,

And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

*Archbishop Trench.*

JUST AS I AM.



JUST as I am—without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each  
spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

**"CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY PRESENCE."**

---

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

*Elliott.*



**"CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM THY  
PRESENCE."**



FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here ;  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray :  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

*Heber.*



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

NEARER HOME.



NE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne;  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross;  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dim and unknown stream  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my feet  
Come to that dark abysm ·  
Closer death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrysm.

### *NEARER HOME.*

---

Saviour, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the might of my faith ;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death ;

Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink ;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

*Carey.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.



ALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with us thy footstep  
trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They who have seen thy look in  
death  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy sweet smile is gone;  
But oh! a brighter home than ours  
In heaven is now thine own.

*Hemans.*





**"WHO SHALL ASCEND TO  
THE HOLY PLACE?"**

HO shall ascend to the holy  
place,

And stand on the holy hill ;  
Who shall the boundless realms  
of space

With shouts of rapture thrill ?  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
For the Lord God omnipotent  
reigneth !

The servants of the Lord are  
they

The pure in heart and hand,  
For whom the eternal bars give  
way,

The eternal gates expand !  
Hallelujah ! &c.

Not to the noble, not to the  
strong,

To the wealthy or the wise,  
Is given a part in that angel-  
song,

The music of the skies ;  
Hallelujah ! &c.

But those who, in humble and  
holy fear,

With childlike faith and love  
Have served the Lord as their  
Master here,

Shall praise their Lord above.  
Hallelujah ! &c.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And chiefly those who in youth to Him  
Their morn of life have given,  
With Cherubim and Seraphim,  
And all the host of heaven, Hallelujah ! &c.  
Shall stand in robes of purest white ;  
And to the Lamb shall raise  
The song that rests not day or night,  
The eternity of praise. Hallelujah ! &c.

*Hankinson.*



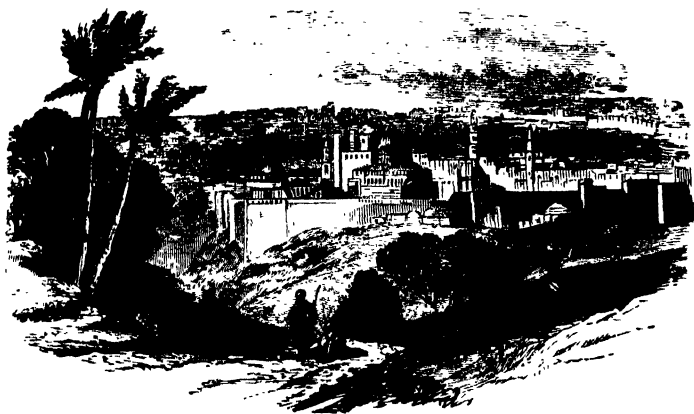
### HEAVEN.

H, talk to me of heaven ! I love,  
To hear about my home above,  
For there doth many a loved one dwell,  
In light and joy ineffable :  
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,  
While every harp rings echoing ;  
While every glad and tearless eye  
Beams like the bright sun gloriously.  
Tell me of that celestial calm  
Each face in glory weareth,  
Tell me of that victorious palm  
Each hand in glory beareth.  
O happy, happy country, where  
There enters not a sin,  
And death, who keeps the portals fair,  
May never once come in ;

## HEAVEN.

No grief can change their day to night,  
The darkness of that land is light,  
Sorrow and sighing God has sent  
Far thence to endless banishment.  
And never more may one dark tear  
    Bedim their burning eyes ;  
For every one they shed while here,  
    In fearful agonies,  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.

O lovely, blooming country ! there  
Flourishes all that we deem fair.  
For though no fields nor forests green,  
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,  
    Nor perfumes load the breeze,  
Nor hears the ear material sound,  
Yet joys at God's right hand are found.  
    The archetypes of these.  
This is the home, the land of birth  
Of all we highest prize on earth ;  
The storms that rack this world beneath  
    Shall there for ever cease,  
The only air the blessed breathe  
    Is purity and peace.  
Oh, may heaven's gate uncloset to me !  
Oh, may I too its glories see,  
And my faint, fighting spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land !



### THE CITY OF OUR GOD.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove :  
Who can faint when such a river  
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage ?

## THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear !  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near;  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on;  
Makes them kings and priests to God :  
'Tis His love His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings ;  
And, as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am ;  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy name :  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show ;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

*Newton.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.



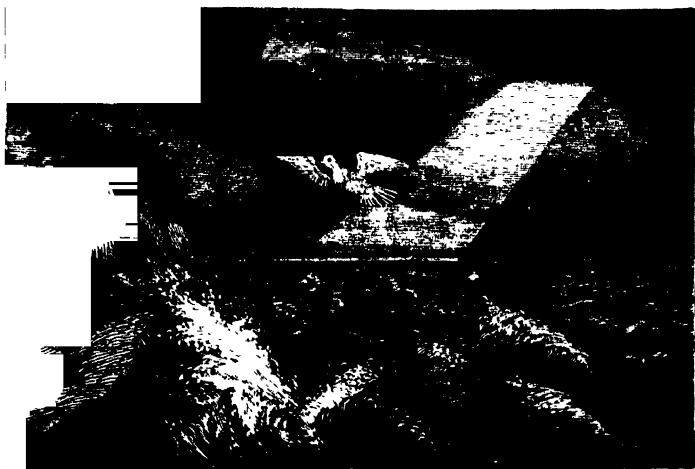
SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet Thy gracious name!  
With joy that errand we review  
On which Thy mercy came.

While all Thine own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,  
Charmed with the honour to obey  
The word of such a King,—

For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,  
Thou laidst that glory by,  
First in our mortal flesh to serve,  
Then in that flesh to die.

Bought with Thy service and Thy blood,  
We doubly, Lord, are Thine;  
To Thee our lives we would devote,  
To Thee our death resign.

*Doddridge.*



## AT HOME IN HEAVEN.



OR ever with the Lord!"

Amen; so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,

Home of my soul, how near

At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,

Thy golden gates appear!

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---



Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervenc,  
And all my prospect flies!  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,  
(Remembered or forgot),  
The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

## AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

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In darkness as in light,  
Hidden alike from view,  
I sleep, I wake, as in His sight  
Who looks all nature through.

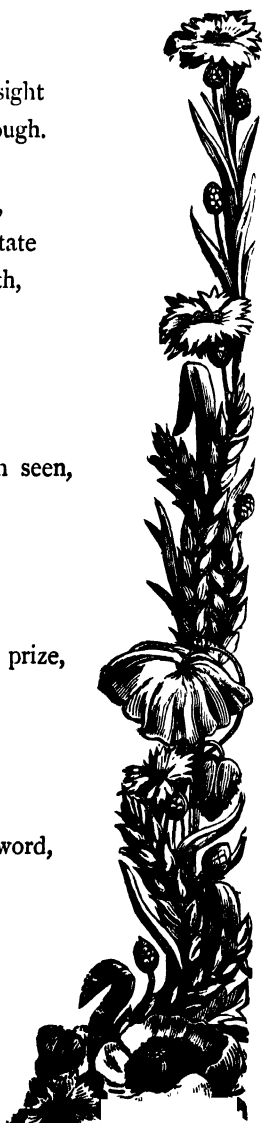
From the dim hour of birth,  
Through every changing state  
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,  
Till its appointed date.

All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once, as He hath seen,  
And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?  
Mine on the cross I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 't is Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand  
Fight, and I must prevail.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

Then, though the soul enjoy  
Communion high and sweet,  
While worms this body must destroy,  
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom  
Will speak the selfsame word,  
And Heaven's voice thunder through the  
tomb,  
"For ever with the Lord."

The tomb shall echo deep  
That death-awakening sound ;  
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,  
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,  
That resurrection word  
Shall be their shout of victory,  
"For ever with the Lord!"



**"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE."**

That resurrection word,  
That shout of victory,  
Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be!

*Montgomery.*



**"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE."**



**W**HAT must it be to dwell above,  
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
Since the sweet earnest of His love  
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our heart no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore!  
What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine!

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Well, He has fixed the happy day  
When the last tears will wet our eyes,  
And God shall wipe those tears away,  
And fill us with divine surprise  
To hear His voice and see His face,  
And feel His infinite embrace.

This is the heaven I long to know;  
For this with patience I would wait,  
Till, weaned from earth and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

*Swain.*



*"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."*

*"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."*



WE seek that land whose light e'en now,  
Though dim and far, is all our gladness ;  
Whose hope in storms is God's own bow ;  
Whose peace, the rest from care and woe ;  
Whose love, our joy in sadness.

There day and night Thy happy saints  
In ceaseless work find rest unending,  
Where in Thy strength theirs never faints,  
Where tears are dried, and hushed complaints,  
All in one worship bending.

The service here we strive to pay,  
By weakness marred, by darkness clouded ;  
Strong in Thy strength, bright with Thy day,  
We there shall offer perfectly,  
In light and love enshrouded.

Our hearts, whose love has taught them this,  
Their wants to feel their own unmeetness,  
Shall learn, in that ne'er-ending bliss,  
To rise towards Thine own perfectness,  
Thine infinite completeness.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The songs, here drownèd in the moan  
Of earth's unrest, which ceaseth never,  
Shall rise in strains of joy unknown,  
To Him who sitteth on the throne,  
And to the Lamb for ever.

And for our feet, to earth which cling,  
Feeble and slow, too oft unwilling,  
Thou there shalt give an angel's wing  
To serve, as angels do, our King,  
Thy high behests fulfilling.

So let us strive with earnest soul,  
Thy work to do, though small the measure,  
Knowing it part of one great whole,  
All tending to our highest goal,  
Thy perfect will and pleasure.

*L. R.*





HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY  
HIS HEAD.



BIRDS have their quiet nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful  
bed ;  
All creatures have their rest,  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

Winds have their hour of calm,  
And waves, to slumber on the voiceless deep ;  
Eve hath its breath of balm,  
To hush all senses and all sounds to sleep.

The wild deer hath its lair,  
The homeward flock the shelter of their shed ;  
All have their rest from care,—  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.

What then am I, my God,  
Permitted thus the paths of peace to tread?  
Peace, purchased by the blood  
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

I, who once made Him grieve,  
I, who once made His gentle spirit mourn,  
Whose hand essayed to weave  
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn;—

Oh! why should I have peace?  
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above.

Yes, but for pardoning grace,  
I feel I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face,  
That once was pale and agonized for me.

Let the birds seek their nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
Come, Saviour, in my breast  
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected head!

## THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

On earth Thou lovest best  
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin !  
Oh, come and take Thy rest  
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

*J. S. Monsell.*



### THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.

FATHER, I bring this worthless child  
to Thee,  
To claim Thy pardon, once, yet once  
again.  
Receive him at my hand, for he is  
mine.  
He is a worthless child ; he owns his  
fault :  
Look not on him, he will not bear the  
glance ;  
Look but on me, I'll hide his filthy  
garments.

He pleads not for himself, he dares not plead :  
His cause is mine, I am his Intercessor.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

By that unchanged, unchanging love of Thine,  
By each pure drop of blood I shed for him,  
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,  
By every wound I bear, I claim it true,  
Father Divine ! I would not have him lost ;  
He is a worthless child, but he is mine !  
Sin hath destroyed him—sin hath died in me ;  
Satan hath bound him—Satan is my slave ;  
Death hath desired him—I have conquered Death.  
My Father, hear him now,—not him, but me !  
I would not have him lost for all the worlds  
Which Thou hast long created for my glory,  
Because he is a poor, a worthless child,  
And all his every hope on me it lies.  
I know my children, and I know him mine  
By all the sighs he pours o'er outcast Israel,  
By all the prayers he breathes o'er Judah's sins ;  
I know him by the sign my children bear,  
That trusting love by which he cleaves to me.  
I could not bear to see him cast away,  
Vile as he is !—the weakest of my flock,  
The one that grieves me most and loves me least.  
Yes ! though his sins dim every spark of love,  
I measure not my love by his returns ;  
And though the stripes I send to bring him home  
Should seem to drive him farther from my arms,  
Still he is mine ! I lured him from the world :  
He has no right, no home, but in my love.  
Though earth and hell combined against him rise,

## *THE RIGHTEOUS ADVOCATE.*

I'm bound to rescue him, for we are one.—  
Oh, sinner, what an Advocate is thine !  
Methinks I see Him lead the captive in,  
Poor, sorrowful, ashamed, trembling with fear,  
Shrinking behind his Lord, accused, condemned,  
Well pleased to hide the form himself abhors  
With that all-spotless garment of his Friend.  
But look ! some secret impulse lifts his eye,  
To see if love be mingled now with wrath,  
If mercy beams upon the Father's face.  
Poor sinner ! read thy welcome in that smile,  
And hear the Father's word to Him for thee :  
"Take thy poor worthless child ! I have forgiven."

*E. Birrell.*





“AS MANY AS TOUCHED WERE MADE  
PERFECTLY WHOLE.”



SAVIOUR divine, we bend before Thee  
lowly,  
Sadly we bring into Thy presence holy  
Our hearts, so sin-oppressed;  
Touching the border of Thy garment  
pure,  
Whose touch all sorrow and all sin can  
cure,  
We ask Thee for Thy rest.

And in stooping, higher shall we reach  
Than e'en the highest point our hearts can teach,

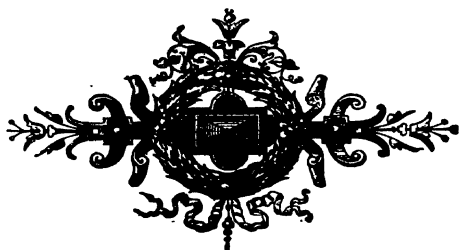
*"AS MANY AS TOUCHED," ETC.*

Even, dear Lord, to Thee,  
Whose lowliness hath raised us to such height,  
That we may dare to touch Thy garment white,  
Of matchless purity.

Thy gentleness, O Christ, hath made us great,  
Thy uncrowned majesty our lost estate  
Redeemed by bitter woe;  
And though our trembling fingers feebly hold,  
Yea, scarcely touch Thy holy garment's fold,  
Thou wilt not let us go.

Thy love, the source of ours, shall still abide,  
Shall draw us, wandering, closer to Thy side,  
And make us wholly pure;  
Led ever higher by its light divine,  
Wrapped in its heavenly beauty shall we shine,  
In love and rest secure.

*L. R.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

O FAIR! O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.



FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove  
That flies alone to some sunny grove,  
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,  
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.  
There, if the hovering hawk be near,  
That limpid spring in its mirror clear  
Reflects him ere he reach his prey,  
And warns the timorous bird away.  
Be thou this dove;  
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book  
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,  
In whose holy mirror, night and day,  
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;  
And should the foes of virtue dare  
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,  
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie  
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly.  
Be thou that dove;  
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

*T. Moore.*

*"RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME."*

**'RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN  
ME.'**



GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell within me,  
I myself would gracious be ;  
And with words that help and heal,  
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;  
And with actions bold and meek  
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,  
I myself would truthful be ;  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let Thy life in mine appear,

And with actions brotherly  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,  
I myself would tender be ;  
Shut my heart up like a flower  
At temptation's darksome hour ;  
Open it when shines the Sun,  
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,  
I myself would quiet be ;  
Quiet as the growing blade  
That through earth its way has made,

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,  
I myself would mighty be ;  
Mighty so as to prevail  
Where, unaided, man must fail ;  
Ever, by a mighty hope,  
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,  
I myself would holy be ;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good,  
And whatever I can be,  
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

*Lynch.*



"LOVEST THOU ME?"



"LOVEST THOU ME?"



LOVEST thou Me?" I hear my  
Saviour say :

Would that my heart had power  
to answer "Yea,

Thou knowest all things, Lord, in  
heaven above

And earth beneath ; Thou knowest  
that I love."

But 'tis not so ; in word, in deed,  
in thought,

I do not, cannot love Thee as I  
ought ;

Thy love must give that power, Thy  
love alone ;

There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own !

Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,

Reflected on Thyself, I would love Thee.

*J. Montgomery.*

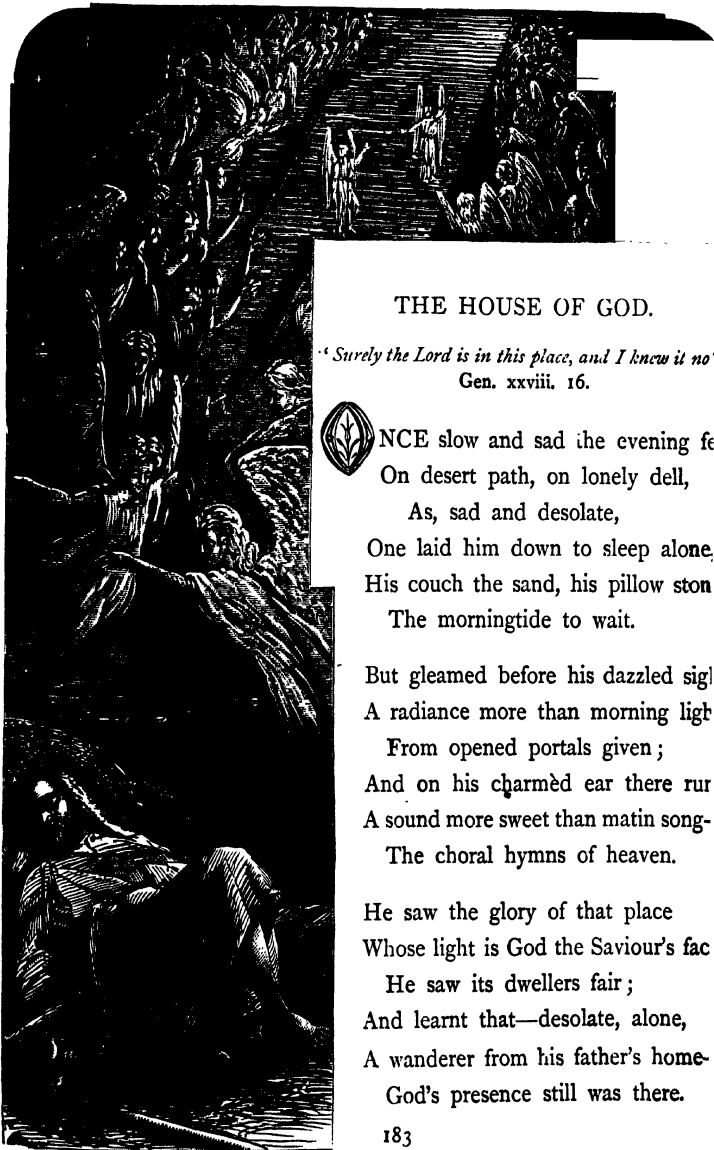
"HIDE ME UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY  
WINGS."



FILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;  
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;  
Show forth in me Thy saving power :  
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me  
thence.

In suffering be Thy love my peace !  
In weakness be Thy love my power !  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.





## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

*'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not'*  
Gen. xxviii. 16.



NCE slow and sad the evening fell  
On desert path, on lonely dell,  
As, sad and desolate,  
One laid him down to sleep alone,  
His couch the sand, his pillow stone  
The morningtide to wait.

But gleamed before his dazzled sight  
A radiance more than morning light  
From opened portals given ;  
And on his charmed ear there rung  
A sound more sweet than matin song—  
The choral hymns of heaven.

He saw the glory of that place  
Whose light is God the Saviour's face  
He saw its dwellers fair ;  
And learnt that—desolate, alone,  
A wanderer from his father's home—  
God's presence still was there.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

So we (though often worn, opprest,  
We wander, seeking home and rest),  
In sorrow's darkest hour,  
May see, as Jacob saw of old,  
God's sunbeams, bright and manifold,  
The shades of night o'erpower.

For not in temple hoar alone,  
In cloistered shade, 'neath sculptured stone,  
Stands now God's house below ;  
But wheresoe'er His radiance bright  
Gleams on our darkness and 't is light,  
His presence we may know.

Transfigured in His glory fair  
The whole earth stands, one house of prayer,  
One anteroom of heaven ;  
For surely, though we know it not,  
God's presence is in every spot,  
To those who seek it given.

Then let us strive, and work and wait,  
As those who see that open gate,  
That glory in our night ;  
So that at last, through Christ the Way,  
We too may tread that land of day,  
Where God, the Lord, is light.

*L. R.*



PARAPHRASE ON PSALM LXXXIV.



PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh my spirit longs and fains  
For the converse of Thy saints ;  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of glory, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thine altars, O Most High !

Happier souls that find a rest  
In a Heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Happy souls, their praises flow  
Ever in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall  
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart:  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!  
*H. F. Lyte.*





### THE EXILE'S VISION.



HE blue Ægean's countless waves in Sabbath  
sunlight smiled,  
And murmuring washed the rocky shore of that  
lone island wild,  
Where unto him "whom Jesus loved" such views sublime  
were given,  
That e'en the land of exile shone "the very gate of  
heaven!"

He saw the radiant form of Him upon whose sorrowing  
breast,  
At the Last Supper's solemn feast, his weary head found  
rest ;  
One "like unto the Son of Man," all glorious to behold,  
Arrayed in robes of dazzling light, and girt with purest  
gold.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

His head and hair were white as wool; His eyes a fiery  
flame,

Not tearful now as when He trod this world of sin and  
shame;

His countenance was as the sun, His voice was as the  
sound

Of many waters, murmuring deep in harmony profound.

But when before His feet, as dead, the loved disciple fell,  
How gently deigned the Prince of Life His servant's fears  
to quell!

And give Him strength to see His face, whom highest  
heavens adore,

The Lord, who "liveth, and was dead," and lives for  
evermore.

Oh, then upon his raptured gaze what floods of glory  
streamed!

He saw the land of love and light—the home of the re-  
deemed;

He stood by Life's resplendent stream, whose tide in music  
rolled

Throughout the holy city's length among its streets of gold.

He heard the mighty new-made song, to angel hosts  
unknown,

Go up like incense unto Him that sat upon the throne;  
And the pure strains by seraphs sung in that celestial  
sphere,

In sweetest cadence rose and fell upon his listening ear.

## THE EXILE'S VISION.

Within the flashing walls of heaven, with jewelled splendour bright,  
He saw the countless multitudes arrayed in saintly white :  
He marked them with their waving palms, in worship bending low  
Before the feet of Him who smiled beneath the emerald bow.

The pearly gates, the crystal sea, the universal hymn,  
The sun-bright forms, the brilliant eyes, which tears may never dim,  
The healing trees, the fadeless flowers, the harpings of the blest,  
In splendid vision to his soul revealed the promised rest.

Long since that aged saint had reached the fair celestial shore,  
And gained the martyr's crown, for he the martyr's suffering bore ;  
Long since his happy feet have stood within his Father's home,  
Yet *still* the mighty voice he heard, with ceaseless cry, saith, " Come ! "

And life's bright fountain springeth yet, as free, and fresh, and fair,  
As when in Patmos' dreary isle it cheered the exile there !  
And hark ! the Spirit and the Bride repeat in mercy still,  
That he who is athirst may drink—yea, *whosoever will*.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

O blessèd voices! be it ours your loving call to hear,  
And so obey that when, at last, from yonder radiant sphere  
The heavenly Bridegroom shall descend to claim His own  
again,  
We may lift up our heads and say, "Lord, even so.  
Amen!"

*Sunday at Home.*

### PRAY, PRAY, THOU WHO ALSO WEEPEST.



RAY, pray, thou who also  
weepest,  
And the drops will slacken so.  
Weep, weep, and the watch thou  
keepest  
With a quicker count will go.  
Think: the shadow on the dial,  
For the nature most undone,  
Marks the passing of the trial,  
Proves the presence of the sun.

Look, look up, in starry passion,  
To the throne above the spheres;  
Learn: the spirit's gravitation  
Still must differ from the tear's.

*PRAY, PRAY, THOU WHO ALSO WEEPEST.*

---

Hope : with all the strength thou usest  
In embracing thy despair.

Love : the earthly love thou lovest  
Shall return to thee more fair.

Work : make clear the forest tangles  
Of the wildest stranger-land.

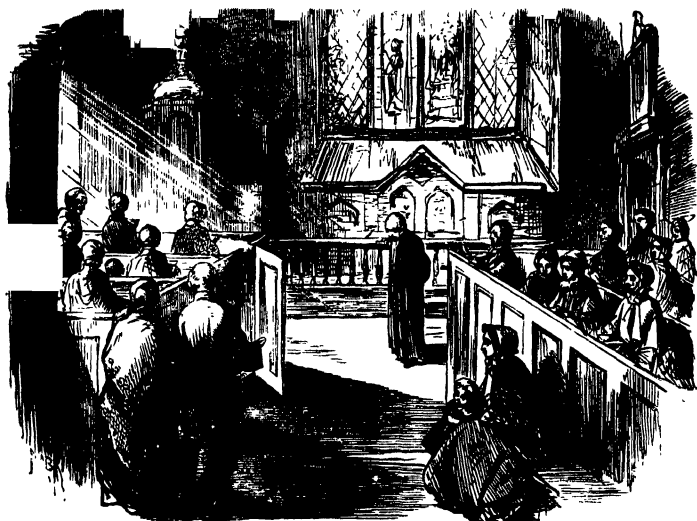
Trust : the blessed deathly angels  
Whisper, "Sabbath hours at hand !"

By the heart's wound when most gory,  
By the longest agony,

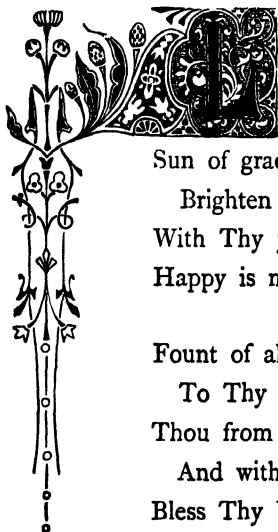
Smile !—Behold in sudden glory  
The TRANSFIGURED smiles on *thee* !

*E. B. Browning.*





## SABBATH MORNING.



LIGHT of light, enlighten me,  
Now anew the day is dawning;  
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,  
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.  
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,  
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,  
To Thy living waters lead me,  
Thou from earth my soul release,  
And with grace and mercy feed me;  
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove  
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

*SABBATH MORNING.*

Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying ;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow  
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me,—with my heart to-day,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee upspringing,—  
Have a foretaste inly given  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me and I in Thee,  
Build a Paradise within me ;  
Oh, reveal Thyself to me,  
Blessèd Love, who diedst to win me ;  
Fed by Thine exhaustless urn,  
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence, all care, all vanity !  
For the day to God is holy :  
Come, Thou glorious majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly.  
Nought to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

*Lyra Germanica.*



THE GAIN OF GRIEF.



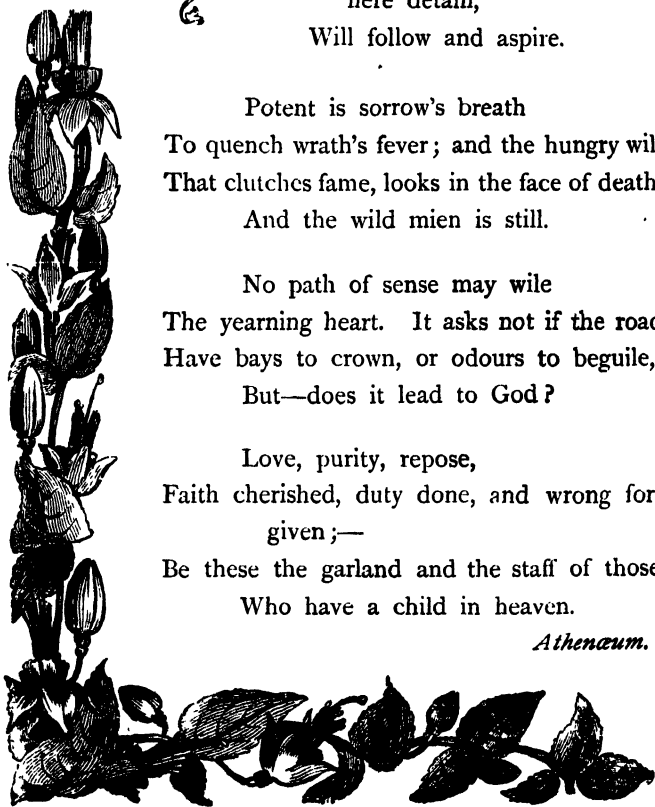
LOVE'S very grief is gain ;  
Thereby each holier grows, and  
heaven is nigher ;  
Souls that their idols may not  
here detain,  
Will follow and aspire.

Potent is sorrow's breath  
To quench wrath's fever ; and the hungry will  
That clutches fame, looks in the face of death,  
And the wild mien is still.

No path of sense may wile  
The yearning heart. It asks not if the road  
Have bays to crown, or odours to beguile,  
But—does it lead to God ?


Love, purity, repose,  
Faith cherished, duty done, and wrong for-  
given ;—  
Be these the garland and the staff of those  
Who have a child in heaven.

*Athenæum.*



*"THY WILL BE DONE."*

*"THY WILL BE DONE."*



FATHER! that in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid  
Strengthen Thy Son;

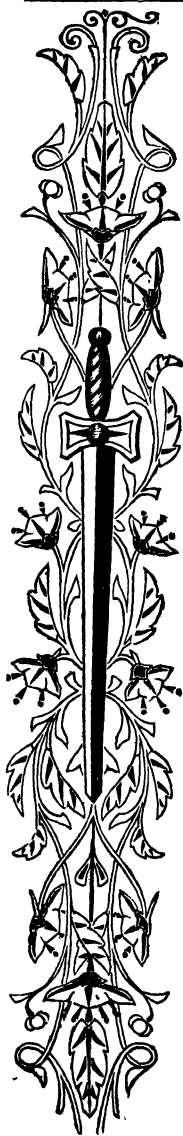
Oh! by the anguish of that night,  
Send us down blest relief;  
Oh, to the chastened, let Thy might  
Hallow this grief.

And Thou, that when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
"Thy will be done!"

By Thy meek Spirit, Thou, of all  
That e'er have mourned, the chief—  
Thou Saviour! if the stroke must fall.  
Hallow this grief.

*Hemans.*





AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.

**A**S eager home-bound traveller  
to the goal,  
Or steadfast seeker on an  
unsearched main,

Or martyr panting for an aureole,  
My fellow-pilgrims pass me, and attain  
That hidden mansion of perpetual peace  
Where keen desire and hope dwell  
free from pain :

That gate stands open of perennial ease ;  
I view the glory till I partly long,  
Yet lack the fire of love which quickens  
these.

O passing angel, speed me with a song,  
A melody of heaven to reach my heart !  
And rouse me to the race and make  
me strong ;  
Till in such music I take up my part,  
Swelling those hallelujahs full of rest,  
One—tenfold—hundredfold—with heavenly  
art,  
Fulfilling north, and south, and east,  
and west,  
Thousand—ten thousandfold—innum-  
erable—

All blent in one, yet each one manifest ;  
Each one distinguished and beloved as well

*AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.*

---

As if no second voice in earth or  
heaven  
Were lifted up the Love of God to tell.  
Ah! Love of God, which Thine own  
self hast given  
To me most poor, and made me rich in  
love,  
Love that dost pass the tenfold seven  
times seven,  
Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my  
heart above,  
My treasure and my heart store Thou  
in Thee,  
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove ;  
Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend  
to me ;  
Love me as very mother loves her son,  
Her suckling firstborn fondled on her  
knee ;  
Yea, more than mother loves her little  
one :  
For, earthly, even a mother may forget  
And feel no pity for its piteous moan ;  
But Thou, O Love of God, remember  
yet,  
Through the dry desert, through the water  
flood  
(Life, death) until the Great White  
Throne is set.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

If now I am sick in chewing the bitter cud  
Of sweet past sin, though solaced by Thy grace,  
And oftentimes strengthened by Thy flesh and blood,  
How shall I then stand up before Thy face  
When from Thine eyes repentance shall be hid  
And utmost Justice stand in Mercy's place:  
When every sin I thought, or spoke, or did,  
Shall meet me at the inexorable bar,  
And there be no man standing in the mid  
To plead for me; while star fallen after star,  
With heaven and earth, are like a ripened shock,  
And all time's mighty works and wonders are  
Consumed as in a moment; when no rock  
Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,  
But I stand all creation's gazing-stock,  
Exposed and comfortless on every side,  
Placed trembling in the final balances  
Whose poise this hour, this moment, must be tried?—  
Ah! Love of God, if greater love than this  
Hath no man, that a man die for his friend,  
And if such love of love Thine own love is,  
Plead with Thyself, with me, before the end:  
Redeem me from the irrevocable past;  
Pitch Thou Thy presence round me to defend;  
Yea, seek with piercèd feet, yea, hold me fast,  
With piercèd hands whose wounds were made by love.  
Not what *I* am,—remember what Thou wast  
When darkness hid from Thee Thy heavens above,  
And sin Thy Father's face, whilst Thou didst drink

*FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.*

The bitter cup of death, didst taste thereof  
For every man ; while Thou wast nigh to sink  
Beneath the intense intolerable rod,  
Grown sick of love :—not what I am, but think  
Thy life then ransomed mine, my God, my God !  
*Christina Rossetti.*



**FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.**

**HEN** the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door ;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more :

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---



He, the young and strong, who cherishec  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life ;

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more ;

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

## THE DAY OF WRATH.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

*Longfellow.*

## THE DAY OF WRATH.



HE day of wrath! that dreadful  
day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Sir Walter Scott.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

LOVED AND LOST.



IS not when the death-prayer is  
said

The life of life departs :  
The body in the grave is laid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet  
Like fragrance fill the room,  
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet  
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions

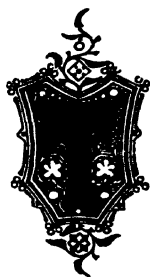
From whose dear side they came:  
We veil our eyes before Thy light,  
We bless our Saviour's name !

Dim is the light of vanished years  
In the glory yet to come ;  
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !  
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair  
That weep themselves to rest,  
We part with life—awake ! and there  
The jewel in our breast.

*John Wilson.*

## DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.



### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and stat  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hands on kings !  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds !  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb ;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

*Shirley.*

CLINGING TO THEE.



ONLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me  
lean,  
Help me, throughout life's varying  
scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with this fellowship divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:  
E'en as the branches to the vine  
My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here she has found her place of rest,  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While she can cling to Thee!

Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss;  
My joy, my consolation this,  
Each hour to cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove?  
With patient, uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to Thee.

*CLINGING TO THEE.*

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in tenderest tone,  
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied  
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Satan or the grave,  
They feel Thee near and strong to save,  
Nor fear to cross e'en Jordan's wave,  
Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:  
What can disturb me, what appal,  
Whilst as my Rock, my Strength, my All,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee?



"CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED."



MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear;  
The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,  
Tell me Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not  
spare,

O Lord, Thy chastening rod!

Oh, help me, Father, for my sinful heart  
Back from this discipline of grief would start,  
Unmindful of His sorer, deeper smart,  
Who died for me, my God!

Yet if each wish denied, each woe and pain,  
Break but some link of that oppressive chain  
Which binds us still to earth, and leaves a stain

Thou only canst remove,

Then am I blest: oh, bliss from man concealed!  
If here to Christ, the weak one's Tower and Shield,  
My heart through sorrow be set free to yield

A service of deep love.

*F F*

## THANKFULNESS.



### THANKFULNESS.

Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright ;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light ;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound ;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
That thorns remain ;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see gleaming on high  
Diviner things.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store ;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more :  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest,  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesu's breast.

*A. A. Procter.*



THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.



THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.

HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream :  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my radiant Sun ;  
So in the light of Light I live,  
And glory is begun !

*Bonar.*





### MORNING HYMN.



COME, my soul, awake, 'tis morning,  
Day is dawning  
O'er the earth; arise and pray.  
Come to Him who made this splendour,  
Thou must render  
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty,  
See their beauty  
Paling in the golden air:  
So God's light Thy mists should banish,  
Thus should vanish  
What to darkened sense seemed fair.

See how everything that liveth,  
Gladly striveth  
On the pleasant light to gaze;

## MORNING HYMN.

Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,  
As it knoweth  
Darkness smitten by these rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer ;  
Thou shouldst offer  
Praise to Him, who from thy head  
Kept afar the storms of sorrow,  
And the morrow  
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

Bid Him bless what thou art doing  
If pursuing  
Some good end ! but if there lurks  
Ill intent in thine endeavour,  
May He ever  
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

Think that He, the All-discerning,  
Knows each turning  
Of thy path, each sinful stain ;  
Nay, what shame would fain gloss over,  
Can discover ;  
All thou dost to Him is plain.

Bound unto the flying hours  
Are our powers ;  
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,  
That thy ship, my soul, is hasting,  
Never resting,  
To its haven in the grave.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Pray that when thy life is closing,  
Calm reposing,  
Thou may'st die, and not in pain:  
That, the night of death departed,  
Thou, glad-hearted,  
May'st behold the sun again.

From God's glances shrink thou never,  
Meet them ever;  
Who submits him to His grace  
Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth  
Such as gloweth  
O'er his pathway all his days.

Wakenest thou again to sorrow?  
Oh! then borrow  
Strength from Him, whose sunlight might  
On the mountain-summit tarries,  
And yet carries  
To the vales their mirth and light.

Round the gifts He on thee showers,  
Fiery towers  
Will He set: be not afraid,  
Thou shalt dwell 'mid angel legions  
In the regions  
Satan's self dares not invade.

*Lyra Germanica.*

**"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."**

**"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."**

*'And He spake a parable unto this end, that men ought always to pray,  
and not to faint.'*



WAS long ago in olden time,  
Christ spake a parable divine,  
To teach the waiting throng  
That men ought evermore to pray,  
And God would hear and help alway,  
Although they waited long.

That human voice we may not hear,  
That music breaks not on our ear,  
Yet still the words are sure ;  
And many hearts with grief opprest  
Have found them light, and hope, and rest,  
And trusted there secure.

And rises, Lord, this cry to Thee,  
From weary hearts unceasingly,  
"How long, O Lord, how long?  
O Thou, the True, the Good, the Great,  
Have mercy on us desolate !  
Is not 'Thy sceptre strong?"

So prayed they, bowed with sorrow down ;  
While we, whom love and gladness crown,  
Bend lower still in prayer,  
With hearts so full, we need to pray  
"Oh, make us worthy, Lord, alway  
This weight of love to bear.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“Oh, help us 'mid these beams divine  
To think of Thee from whom they shine,  
By whom all love is given;  
To know them but reflections bright  
Of glory true and infinite,  
Which floods the fields of heaven.”

And thus, in happiness or care,  
Still, Lord, to Thee ascends our prayer,  
For strength we cry from far;  
And learn, as Jesus taught of old,  
In toils and troubles manifold,  
To trust Thy guiding star.

So lead us, Thou to whom we pray,  
That ever nearer day by day  
Unto the Christ we come;  
And where we see the star abide,  
There—surely trusting in our Guide—  
May find our rest and home.

*L. R.*



## *MIDNIGHT HYMN.*

### MIDNIGHT HYMN.



the mid silence of the voiceless night,  
When, chased by airy dreams the slumbers flee,  
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
Scarce knowing what it is I fly to Thee,  
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
In token of anticipated ill—  
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
Since 't is Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care—  
Or anything beside—how joyfully  
Passes that silent, solitary hour,  
My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,  
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
More blest than anything, my bosom lies  
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me?  
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,  
O God, but Thee?

JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.



SOLD by them that should have  
loved thee,  
Prisoner in the heathen's  
land,  
Given by him that best had  
proved thee  
To the dungeon and the  
band :—  
From the land of flowers  
and rain,  
Borne to Egypt's dewless  
plain,  
Leaving tent and pastoral  
dell,  
And the sire that loved thee  
well,  
And the airs on upland  
breezy,  
Where the scented cedars  
grow,  
For the servant's toil un-  
easy,  
And the captive's weary  
woe ;—

## *JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.*

---

Out of grief to honour risen,  
Winning rapture for thy pain,  
And a palace for thy prison,  
And a sceptre for thy chain ;—  
Ruling with a gentle art  
Over many a grateful heart,  
Melting with a brother's love  
Those thine anguish could not move—  
Wearing graciously thy glory  
Through the land thy wisdom won—  
How should Christians read thy story,  
Agèd Israel's favoured son ?

As the little sapling tender  
Shows the great oak waving proud ;  
As the cold lake burns with splendour  
From the crimson sunset-cloud ;  
So in sufferings of thine  
Trace we out a gift divine,  
And thy sorrows throb and glow  
With a pulse of heavenly woe !  
Type thou art of One more holy  
Who His glory laid aside,  
Took the form of servant lowly,  
Stooped to suffering man, and died.

He was scorned, and sold, and hated  
By the men He came to save,



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

With a cruel wrath unsated,  
Followed to His three days' grave,—  
Not one pitying thought for Him,  
When His failing eye waxed dim,  
Not one note in sympathy  
With that love so full and free,  
When His tender spirit, yearning,  
Wept those tears of God-like grief  
O'er the lawless city spurning  
Help, and safety, and relief.

Now He reigneth high exalted  
Where the white-robed elders stand,  
By the great throne rainbow-vaulted,  
Each with golden harp in hand.  
Thousand thousand harps adoring,  
Thousand thousand vials pouring  
Odours sweet of saintly prayers,  
'That embalm those heavenly airs,  
Round the Lamb once slain and wounded,  
Breathing till that awful hour  
When, by heaven's high host surrounded,  
He shall come again in power.

For behind each image saintly  
Burns the light of Jesus' name—  
As the lines lie dim and faintly  
In the Gothic window-frame,

## JOSEPH A TYPE OF CHRIST.

---

Till the sunlight touch the pane  
Rising o'er the fretted fane,  
And each form and gorgeous hue  
Starts to sight distinct and true,  
So doth many a sin-stained creature  
Catch a glory from Christ's face,  
And a light is on His feature,  
That our eye should love to trace.

*C. F. A.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

“MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD.”



THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows !  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there !  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted care ;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there !  
Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may “Abba, Father,” cry.

Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
“I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !”  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

AN ADVENT HYMN.



AN ADVENT HYMN.

*"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."*—Matt. xxi. 9.



WHEN first our Lord came down on  
earth,

He did not scorn like us to be,  
For He was born of mortal birth,  
A simple child of low degree.

Where Syrian waves are bright and clear,  
Where Judah's grapes grow large and  
red,

He walked below, and men drew near  
And heard the holy words He said.

But when the Lord shall come again,  
With angel hosts encircled round,  
All earth and heaven shall hail Him then  
With thunder-peal and trumpet-sound.

And, some in joy and some in dread,  
The sons of men His eye shall meet;  
For all the living and the dead  
Must stand before His judgment-seat.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

His voice on earth we did not hear,  
His steps below we could not trace,  
But when His glory shall appear,  
We too shall meet Him face to face.

For surely as the leaves and flowers  
In Summer-time come back again,  
So surely, as in sultry hours  
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He who in His lowly love  
Came down that we might be forgiven,  
Break glorious through the clouds above,  
And take His children home to heaven.

*C. F. H.*



WHEN HEART AND FLESH FAIL.



LOWLY and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to Thee,  
Father divine !

A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are Thine.

O Father, in that hour  
When earth all succouring power  
Shall disavow ;  
When spear, and shield, and crown,  
In faintness are cast down ;  
Sustain us, Thou.

By Him who loved to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod ;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away ;  
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father divine !  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only Thine !

*Hemans.*

## FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

*'I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.'*—Ephes. iii. 15



THE quiet Sabbath sunshine  
played,

With soft and loving smile,  
On those in lowly church who  
prayed,  
And dim cathedral aisle.

There some in joy, in sorrow  
some,  
Beneath that sunshine knelt;  
Each with his own request  
had come,  
Each heart its burden felt.

Yet named they all one sacred  
name,  
And saw one presence fair;  
“For Christ our Saviour’s  
sake,”—the name  
To each far different prayer.

While every joy, and grief  
and need,  
Swelled one united cry,  
Blending in Him whose name  
we plead,  
Our Advocate on high.

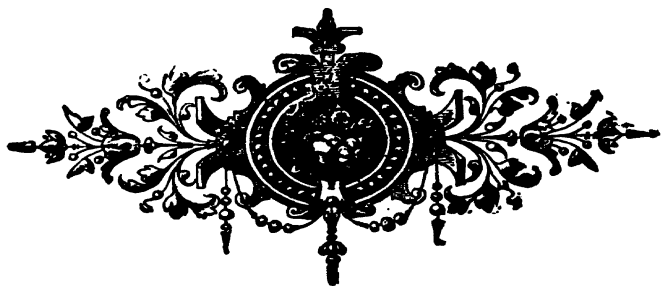
*CHRIST'S SAKE.*

Until the soft "My God," which came  
From every praying heart,  
Rose but as one "Our Father,"—name  
Which joins those far apart.

So ever, as we nearer rise  
Towards Him we all would find,  
We draw more closely still the ties  
Which heart to heart can bind.

That like the union none may know,  
Of Father and of Son,  
We all who trust in Him below,  
In Him may all be one.

*L. R.*





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

SONG OF THE ANGELS TO ADAM AND EVE  
IN PARADISE.



HAIL! Hail! Hail!

Welcome to your realm of  
beauty,

Welcome to your blest abode,  
Thus with mingled love and duty,

We, the elder sons of God,

Join our voices to salute ye,

Pour our echoing strains abroad ;

Now let triumph ride the gale ;

Peace and joy and praise prevail ;

It is finished! Hail! all hail!

Finished is the six days' wonder!

Since Jehovah's voice of might,

From the secret place of thunder,

Spake the word, and there was light,—

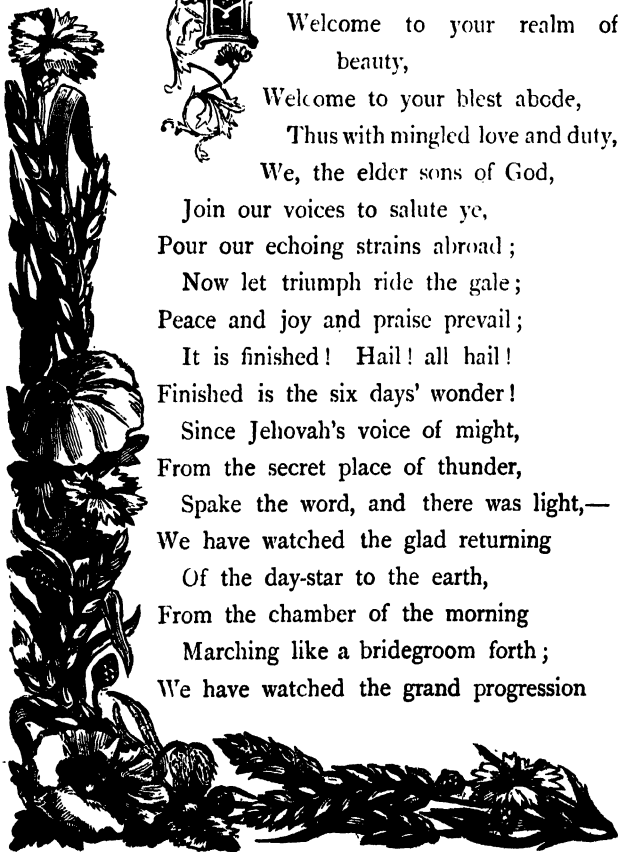
We have watched the glad returning

Of the day-star to the earth,

From the chamber of the morning

Marching like a bridegroom forth ;

We have watched the grand progression



*SONG OF THE ANGELS.*

---

Of the changes, as they passed,  
'Through each beautiful succession :

—Ye the loveliest ! ye the last !  
'Tis the Sabbath of creation !

God upon His throne doth rest ;  
And His smile of approbation

All His perfect work hath blest.  
Of the mighty lyre of nature

Harmonized is every chord ;  
And the least and loftiest creature  
Breathes thanksgiving to the Lord.

Ye, in whom the beauty liveth,  
We have longed and watched to view,  
Praise with us the God who giveth

You to us, and us to you :  
For you,—for ye have a soul like ours ;  
It heaves in your bosom, it beams through  
your eye,

Baptized in the feelings, endowed with the  
powers

That burn through the depth of eternity.  
And happy are we, unto whom 't is given  
To tend you as guardians and cheer you  
as friends ;

Happy to speed from our homes in heaven,



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



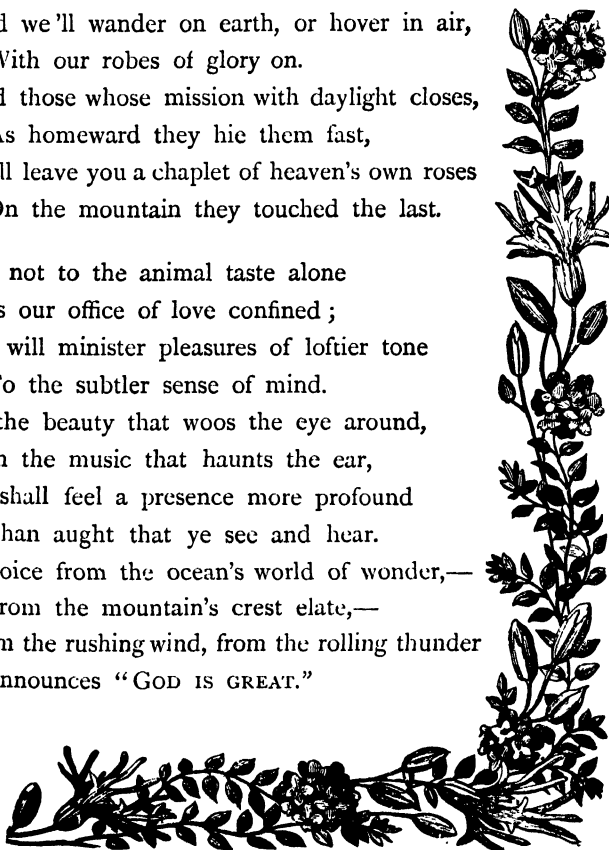
your holy rest to keep ;  
Like the hills that watch in shadowy might  
Round the lake so pure and deep,  
Which, dreaming of distant worlds of light,  
Lies locked in their arms asleep.  
And, as that still lake awakes and rejoices,  
When Zephyr his playmates hath found,  
That danced to shore with their liquid voices  
Telling their joy around,—  
So ye shall awake at our gentle call,  
From your pillow of fern and heather ;  
And we'll sing to the God and the Father  
of all  
Our matin praise together.  
When past the freshness of the dawning,  
And spent the spirits of the breeze,  
When fiery noon comes down, embrowning  
The slippery turf beneath the trees,  
Our wings shall interweave an awning  
Of cooler shade than these.  
And when the sapphire gates of even  
Open to realms beyond ;  
When earth to the embrace of heaven  
Doth glowingly respond ;

## SONG OF THE ANGELS, ETC.


---

When sweet and slumbrous melodies  
O'er land and water creep,  
As Nature sits, with half-shut eyes,  
Singing herself to sleep ;—  
Ye shall catch the gleam of our golden hair  
In the wake of the sinking sun ;  
And we'll wander on earth, or hover in air,  
With our robes of glory on.  
And those whose mission with daylight closes,  
As homeward they hie them fast,  
Shall leave you a chaplet of heaven's own roses  
On the mountain they touched the last.

Yet not to the animal taste alone  
Is our office of love confined ;  
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone  
To the subtler sense of mind.  
In the beauty that woos the eye around,  
In the music that haunts the ear,  
Ye shall feel a presence more profound  
Than aught that ye see and hear.  
A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,—  
From the mountain's crest elate,—  
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder  
Announces "GOD IS GREAT."



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*



The fountain dwells secure,  
With smiles upon its dimpled face,  
It tells you "GOD IS PURE."  
The humblest flower, the tiniest creature  
That creeps, or swims, or flies,  
Joins with the mightier forms of nature  
To attest that "GOD IS WISE."  
The blessing with the sunshine given  
Wakes joy in field and grove ;  
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to heaven  
Makes answer, "GOD IS LOVE !"  
Thus, borrowing from material things  
A token and a tone,  
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs  
God sees,—and God alone.

And would ye know what deeds are done  
In other worlds afar,  
And call down teachers many a one  
From planet and from star?  
Delightful task to single out  
Some twinkling point of light  
From all the diamonds wreathed about  
The coronal of night ;

SONG OF THE ANGELS, ETC.

And draw you of its scenery  
A landscape grand and strange ;  
And trace through all its history  
The wondrous path of change !

Yet there be vast and dim dominions,—  
Ocean without a shore,—  
Which not the boldest angel pinions  
Have ventured to explore ;  
And there be mysteries fathomless,  
Wrought in a realm of fire,  
Whereat the Cherubim may guess,  
But have not dared inquire.  
One thing we know,—that, ages back,  
Before your earth was made,  
There rose a cloud so densely black,  
It cast e'en heaven in shade :  
That darkness passed, and light on high  
Again serenely shone ;  
But, when we looked along the sky,  
Ten thousand stars were gone !  
Again the angel watch was set  
The eternal gates before,  
But many a face we there had met,  
We met again no more :  
God o'er their fate a veil hath spread,  
Nor further may we win,  
Save of its cause a rumour dread,  
That sighed the name of *sin*.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

God guard us safe from aught of ill  
In knowledge or in deed !  
To know His love, to do His will,  
We ask no higher meed.  
May nought avert the blessing given  
His creatures at their birth ;  
Disturb the harmonies of heaven,  
Or mar the peace of earth !

*From "Ministry of Angels,"  
by T. E. Hankinson.*



### JERUSALEM.

MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrows can be found ;  
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,  
No gloom, nor darksome night,  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.

## ***JERUSALEM.***

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !

Would God I were with thee !  
Oh, that my sorrows had an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square ;  
Thy gates are made of orient pearl :  
O God, if I were there !

Oh, my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
Thy joys when shall I see ?  
The King that sitteth on the throne,  
And thy felicity ?

Thy gardens and Thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Thy joys fain would I see ;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my griefs,  
And take me home to Thee.

Oh ! in my forehead plant Thy name,  
And take me hence away,  
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,  
And sing Thy praise for aye.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

O mother dear, Jerusalem !  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?



THE NEW JERUSALEM.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who of living stones are builded,  
In the height of heaven above,  
And, with angel hosts encircled,  
As a bride to earth dost move ;

From celestial realms descend-  
ing,  
Bridal glory round thee shed,  
Meet for Him whose love es-  
poused thee,

To thy LORD shalt thou be led ;

## *THE NEW JERUSALEM.*

All thy streets and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.


Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore ;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls do soar,  
Who for Christ's dear name in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heavenly Architect,  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His palace should be decked.

Praise and honour to the FATHER,  
Praise and honour to the SON,  
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever Three and ever One,  
One in might and One in glory,  
While eternal ages run. Amen.



LIFE OF THE BLESSED.



REGION of life and light!  
Land of the good whose earthly  
toils are o'er!  
Nor frost nor heat may blight  
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,  
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling  
Walks the good Shepherd; blossoms white and red  
Round His meek temples cling;  
To the sweet pastures led,  
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they  
Follow delighted, for He makes them go  
Where dwells eternal May,  
And heavenly roses blow  
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height  
Named of the infinite and long-sought good,  
And fountains of delight;  
And where His feet have stood  
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

*LIFE OF THE BLESSED.*

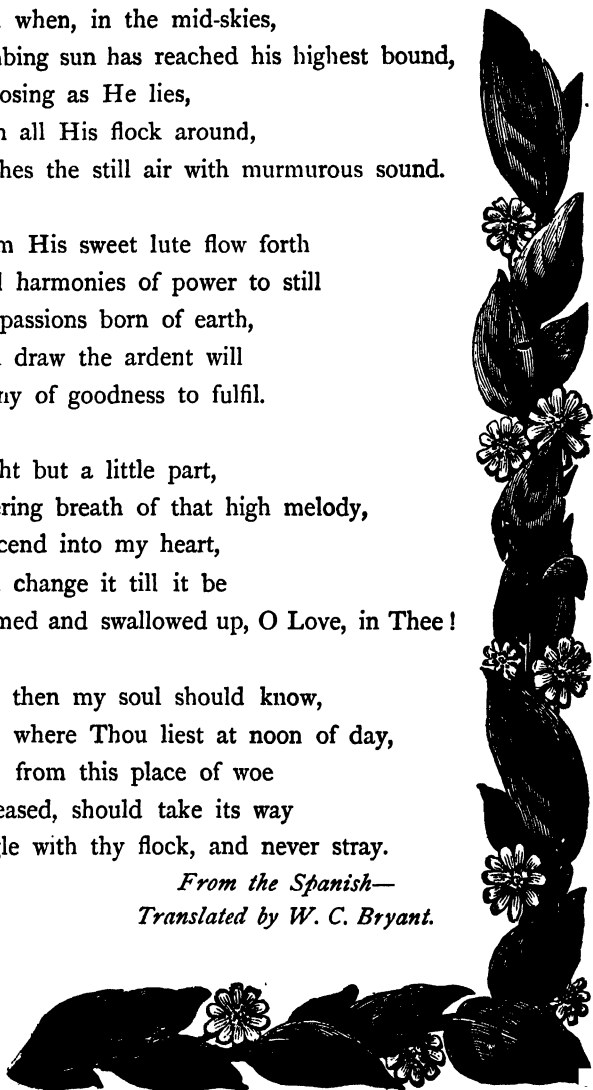
And when, in the mid-skies,  
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,  
Reposing as He lies,  
With all His flock around,  
He 'witches the still air with murmurous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth  
Immortal harmonies of power to still  
All passions born of earth,  
And draw the ardent will  
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,  
A wandering breath of that high melody,  
Descend into my heart,  
And change it till it be  
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee !

Ah ! then my soul should know,  
Beloved ! where Thou liest at noon of day,  
And from this place of woe  
Released, should take its way  
'To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

*From the Spanish—  
Translated by W. C. Bryant.*





## LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

*Clouds and darkness are round about Him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.*"—Psalm xcvi. 2.



OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

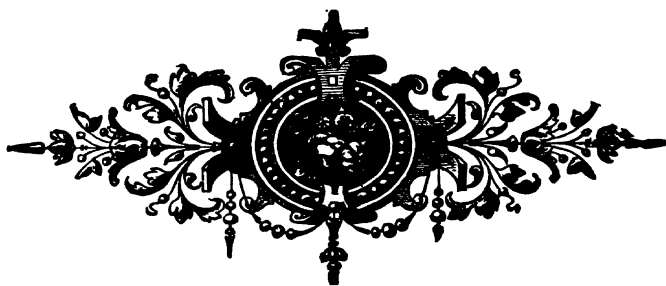
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,—  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

*LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.*

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain :  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.





### COWPER'S GRAVE.



T is a place where poets crowned may feel the  
heart's decaying ;

It is a place where happy saints may weep  
amid their praying ;

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as  
silence languish !

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave  
her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue was poured the death-  
less singing ;

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand  
clinging !

### *COWPER'S GRAVE.*

O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while  
you were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming  
tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,  
And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering  
lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken;  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God  
hath taken.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she  
blesses,  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her  
kisses;  
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's  
my mother?"  
As if such tender words and looks could come from any  
other!—



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending  
o'er him ;

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love  
she bore him !—

Thus woke the poet from the dream the life-long fever  
gave him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death  
to save him !—

Thus !—oh, not thus ! no type of earth could image that  
awaking,

Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round  
him breaking,

Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,  
But felt *those* eyes alone, and knew “my Saviour, not  
deserted !”

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when the cross in dark-  
ness rested

Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested ?  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning  
drops averted ?

What tears have washed them from the soul, that one  
should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence  
rather ;

And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son  
and Father ;

## THE PRODIGAL.

Yea, once Immanuel's orphan cry His universe hath shaken ;  
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken !"

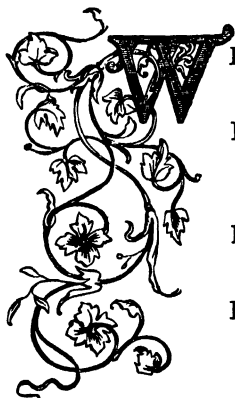
It went up from the holy lips amid His lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of  
desolation ;

That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope, should mar  
not hope's fruition,

And I on Cowper's grave might see his rapture in a  
vision.

*E. B. Browning.*

## THE PRODIGAL.



WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse  
and rude ?

I could not be content with angels'  
food.

How camest thou companion to the  
swine ?

I loathed the courts of heaven, the  
choir divine.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear ?  
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free?  
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?  
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam?  
None, but I wearied of a happy home.

Why must thou dweller in a desert be?  
A garden seemed not fair enough for me.

Why sue, a beggar, at the mean world's door?  
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?  
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

*Archbishop Trench.*



*LOVE.*

LOVE.



FOR the love of the true-hearted,  
Thanks we give Thee, Lord of love;  
Truest treasure Thou hast given,  
Fairest link 'twixt earth and heaven,  
Sunshine from above.

May this love that Thou hast given  
Light, and hope, and joy to be,  
Filling all our lives with meaning,  
Teaching truest strength in leaning,  
Draw us nearer Thee.

For the love Thou sendest shows us  
How that stronger love must glow,  
By its very depth revealing  
Other depths of deeper feeling  
God alone can know.

Teaching us of love unuttered,  
Ever springing, ever new,  
Whose unfathomed depth and beauty  
Cheer our sorrows, gild our duty,—  
Perfect, constant, true.

*L. R.*

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.

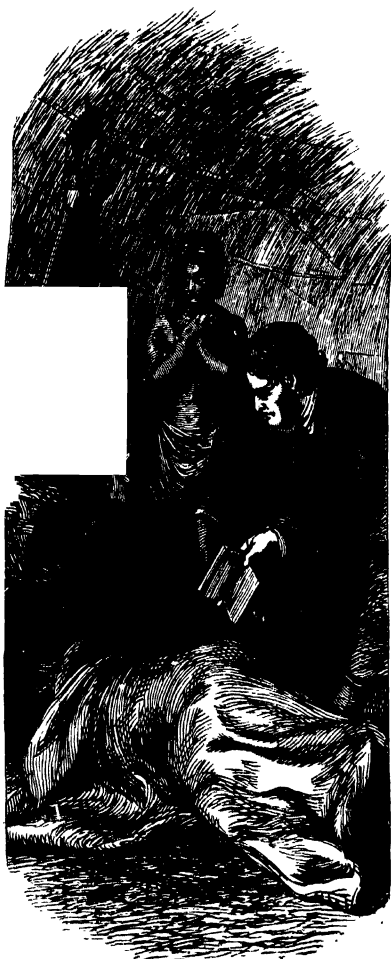


HE servant of God is on his  
way  
From Boston's beautiful  
shore ;  
The boat skims light o'er the  
silvery bay,  
The sleeping waters awake  
and play  
At the touch of the splash-  
ing oar.

The boat is fast, and over  
the sod  
Of the neighbouring wood  
he hies ;  
Through moor and thicket his  
path is trod,  
For he hastens to speak of  
the living God  
In the ear of the man who  
dies.

The purpose that fills his soul  
is great  
As the heart of man may  
know ;

THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.



Vast as eternity, strong as  
the gate  
Which the spirit must pass  
to a changeless state,  
To enter on bliss or woe.

Where Romney's forest is high  
and dark  
The eagle lowers her wing  
O'er him who once had made  
her his mark,  
For the Sagamore, on his bed  
of bark,  
Is a perishing, powerless  
thing.

On the door of the wigwam  
hang the bow,  
The antlers, and beaver's  
skin,  
But he who bore them is faint  
and low,  
For death hath given the fatal  
blow,  
And a monarch expires  
within.

The eye that glanced, and  
the eagle fled  
Away to the fields of air;

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

The hand that drew, and the deer was dead;  
The hunter's foot, and the chieftain's tread,  
And the conqueror's arm, are there.

But each his powerful work has done,  
His triumph at length is past;  
The final conflict is now begun,  
And, weeping, the mother hangs over her son,  
As the Sagamore breathes his last.

The queen of Massachusetts grieves  
That the life of her child must end;  
And that is a noble heart which heaves  
With a mortal pang on the bed of leaves  
Of the white man's Indian friend.

That stately form that lies prostrate there,  
On those feet that are cold as snow,  
Hath often sped through the midnight air,  
A word to the Christian's ear to bear,  
Of the plot of his heathen foe.

And often, while roaming those wilds alone,  
His generous heart would melt  
At the touch of a ray of light which shone  
From the white man's God, till before His throne  
Almost has the Indian knelt.

## *THE DEATH OF THE SAGAMORE.*

---

But the fatal fear, the fear of man,  
That bringeth to man a snare,  
Has braced his knee, as it just began  
To bend; and the fear of a heathen clan  
Has stifled the Christian's prayer.

But now, like a flood, to his trembling heart  
Has the fear of a God rushed in;  
And keener far than the icy dart  
That rends the flesh and spirit apart,  
Is the thought of his heathen sin.

To the lonely tent where the chief reclines,  
As the herald of love draws nigh,  
The Indian shrinks as he marks the signs  
Of a soul at peace, and the light which shines  
Alone from the Christian's eye.

"Alas!" he cries, in the strange, deep tone  
Of one in the grasp of death,  
"No God have I, I have lost my own,  
And I go to the presence of thine alone,  
To scorch in His fiery breath.

"That Spirit who made the sky so bright  
With the touch of His shining feet,



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Who rules the waters, enkindles the light,  
Imprisons the winds and gives them their flight,  
I tremble His eye to meet.

“When, oh ! if I openly had confessed,  
And followed and loved Him here,  
I now might fly to His arms for rest,  
Like a weary bird to her downy nest,  
When the evening shades draw near.

“But grant me this one great boon I crave  
In a dread and an awful hour—  
When I am gone to my lonely grave,  
Oh, take my son to thy home, and save  
This beautiful forest flower.

“To the God of thy people, the Holy One,  
To the path that shall reach the skies ;  
Say, say that to these thou wilt lead my son,  
That he may not second the race I have run,  
Nor die as his father dies.”

“As his father dies.”—With the breath that bore  
That sorrowful sound hath fled  
The soul of a king, for the strife is o’er  
Of the spirit and flesh, and the Sagamore  
Is numbered with the dead.

*"OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE!"*

---

But hath he not, by his high bequest  
Like the penitent on the tree,  
The Saviour of dying man confessed,  
And found the promise to him address,  
"To-day thou shalt be with Me"?

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE!


O, teach me to love Thee! to feel what Thou art,  
Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart  
Shall all other passions disown;  
Like some pure temple that shines apart,  
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and sorrow, through praise and through blame,  
Thus still let me, living or dying the same,  
In *Thy* service bloom and decay,  
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame  
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doomed by my birth  
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death,  
On Thee let my spirit rely—  
Like some rude dial, that, fixed on earth,  
Still looks for its light from the sky.

“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.”



 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord  
God Almighty!”

Early in the morning our song  
shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and  
Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed  
Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints  
adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling  
down before Thee,  
Which wast, and art, and evermore  
shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Thou alone art Holy: there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity:

“Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!”

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
Holy Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

*Bishop Heber.*

*A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.*

A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS.



HERE in Thy royal presence, Lord, I  
stand ;  
I give myself, my all, to Thee ;  
Thou hast redeemed me by Thy  
precious blood ;  
Thine only will I be.  
No love but Thine, but Thine can me re-  
lieve,  
No light but Thine, but Thine will I receive ;  
No light, no love but Thine !

Take, take me as I am ! Thou need'st me not,  
I know Thou need'st me not at all.  
All heaven is Thine, all earth, each morning star ;  
High angels wait Thy call.  
I am the poorest of Thy creatures, I  
The child of evil and dark misery ;  
Yet take me as I am !

Perhaps Thou overlookest me ; too small  
A mote of being for Thine eye  
To rest on, or to care for ; far beneath  
Thine awful majesty.  
But still I am a thing of life, I know,

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

And made for everlasting joy and woe;-  
Turn not Thine eye away.

Perhaps Thou dost repent of making me?  
And yet this, O my God, I know,  
That I am made, made by Thine own great hand,  
Though least of all below;  
Myself I cannot alter or unmake,  
Oh, wilt Thou not this soul of mine new make?  
New-make me, O my God.

Perhaps for aught of good I am unfit,  
Most worthless and most useless all,  
Yet make me but the meanest thing that lives  
Within Thy Salem's wall.  
I shall be well content, my God, to be,  
To do, or suffer aught that pleaseth Thee;—  
Oh! cast me not away.

It would not cost Thee dear to bless me, Lord:  
A word would do it, or a sign;  
It needs no more from Thee, no more, my God;  
Thy words have power divine.  
And oh, the boundless blessedness to me,  
Loved, saved, forgiven, renewed and blessed by Thee!  
Oh, speak, oh, speak the word!

## *A CRY FROM THE DEPTHS*

Life ebbs apace, my night is coming fast  
My cheek is wan, my hair is grey;  
I am not what I was when on me blazed  
The noon of youth's bright day.  
Make haste to do for me what thus I plead  
O Thou the succourer of my great need,  
Oh, love and comfort me!

I know the blood of Thine eternal Son  
Has power to cleanse even me;  
Oh, wash me now in that all-precious blood;  
Give my soul purity;  
Scatter the darkness, bid the day-star shine,  
Light up the midnight of this soul of mine;  
Let all be song and joy!

*Rev. H. Bonar.*





ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.



LONE, alone, ah ! weary soul,  
In all the world alone I stand,  
With none to wed their hearts to mine,  
Or link in mine a loving hand.

Ah ! tell me not that I have those  
Who own the ties of blood and name ;  
Or pitying friends who love me well,  
And dear returns of friendship claim.

*ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.*

I have, I have ! but none can heal,  
And none shall see my inward woe,  
And the deep thoughts within me veiled  
No other heart but mine shall know.

And yet amid my sins and shames  
The shield of God is o'er me thrown;  
And 'neath its awful shade I feel  
Alone,—yet, ah, not all alone !

Not all alone ! and though my life  
Be dragged along the stained earth,  
O God ! I feel Thee near me still,  
And thank Thee for my birth.

*E. W. Farrar.*







“A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK.”



WILL accept thy will to do and be,  
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,  
Thy will at least to love, that burns  
within

And thirsteth after Me :

So will I render fruitful, blessing still,  
The germs and small beginnings in  
thy heart,  
Because thy will cleaves to the better  
part.—

Alas ! I cannot will.

Dost not thou will, poor soul? Yet I receive  
The inner unseen longings of the soul ;  
I guide them turning towards Me ; I control  
And charm hearts till they grieve.

If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass,  
Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love ;  
For I have power in earth and heaven above.—  
I cannot wish, alas !

## THE MEDIATOR.

What, neither choose nor wish to choose? and yet  
I still must strive to win thee and constrain:  
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,  
How then can I forget?  
If thou as yet dost neither love nor hate,  
Nor choose, nor wish,—resign thyself, be still  
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will.—  
I do not deprecate.

*Christina Rossetti.*



## THE MEDIATOR.



HOW high Thou art! our songs can own  
No music Thou couldst stoop to hear!  
But still the Son's expiring groan  
Is vocal in the Father's ear.

How pure Thou art! our hands are dyed  
With curses, red with murder's hue.  
But He hath stretched His hands to hide  
The sins that pierced them from thy view.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

art! we tremble lest  
Thine arm be moved  
on Thy breast,  
up Thy best-beloved.

art! Thou didst not choose  
for ever so;  
Thou wilt not lose  
didst for love forego.

High God, and pure, and strong, and kind,  
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!  
Thy brightness in His face we find,  
Behold our darkness only there.

*E. B. Browning.*

## LITANY.



SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
Oh! by all the pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,

Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany!

## LITANY.

By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of wants and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,  
Turn, oh, turn a pitying eye,—  
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished words that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er that dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,  
By the sealed sepulchral stone

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God ;  
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

*Lord Glenelg.*



### MARY MAGDALENE.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted ;  
The crowd are pointing at the thing for-  
lorn,  
In wonder and in scorn !  
Thou weepst days of innocence departed ;  
Thou weapest, and thy tears have power  
to move  
The Lord to pity and to love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,  
Even for the least of all the tears that shine  
On that pale cheek of thine.  
Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven  
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise  
Holy and pure and wise.

*MARY MAGDALENE.*

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom  
The ragged briar shall change; the bitter fir  
Distil Arabian myrrh!  
Nor that upon the wintry desert's bosom  
The harvest should arise plenteous, and the swain  
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains,  
Thick to their tops with roses: come and see  
Leaves on the dry dead tree;  
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,  
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise  
For ever towards the skies!

*From the Spanish—*

*Translated by W. C. Bryant.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



IN SUFFERING.



DATHER, Thy will, not mine, be done ;  
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son ;  
So in His name I pray.  
The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,  
Thy help in agony I seek,  
Oh ! take this cup away.

If such be not Thy sovereign will  
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil ;  
My wishes I resign ;  
Into Thy hands my soul commend,  
On Thee for life or death depend ;  
Thy will be done, not mine.





### CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.



OMETH sunshine after rain,  
After mourning, joy again,  
After heavy bitter grief  
Dawneth surely sweet relief!  
And my soul, who from her height  
Sank to realms of woe and night,  
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,  
None was ever turned away,  
Who had given himself to God,  
And on Him had cast His load.  
Who in God his hope hath placed  
Shall not life in pain out-waste,  
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Though to-day may not fulfil  
All thy hopes, have patience still,  
For perchance to-morrow's sun  
Sees thy happier days begun ;  
    As God willeth march the hours,  
    Bringeth joy at last in showers,  
    When whate'er we asked is ours.

Every sorrow, every smart,  
That the Eternal Father's heart  
Hath appointed me of yore,  
Or hath yet for me in store,  
    As my life flows on I'll take  
    Calmly, gladly, for His sake,  
    No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,  
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,  
I will lay me in the grave,  
With a heart still glad and brave :  
    Whom the Strongest doth defend,  
    Whom the Highest counts His friend,  
    Cannot perish in the end.

*Lyra Germanica.*

*SONGS OF PRAISE.*

SONGS OF PRAISE.



SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No :—the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

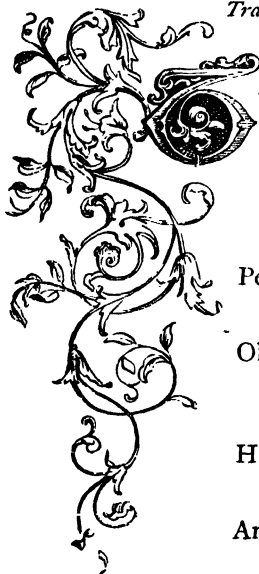
## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*Montgomery.*

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

*Translated from the German.*



THROUGHOUT this earth in still-  
ness

An angel walks abroad,  
For consoling in our weakness,  
He is strengthened of the Lord.  
Peace in his look abideth,  
With a mild and quiet grace,  
Oh! follow where he guideth,  
Follow patience in thy race.

He ever truly leads thee  
Through suffering here below,  
And, speaking oft to cheer thee,  
A brighter time he'll show.

Does thy heart sink despairing?

Thy hope he doth recall,  
He helps thee in cross-bearing,  
To good he turneth all.

*THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.*

He calms to quiet sadness  
The anguish of thy breast ;  
The heart that was so restless,  
In humility hath rest.  
Thy darkest hour of weeping  
He bringeth by degrees ;  
Though thy wounds be slow in healing,  
He gives thee certain ease.

Thy tears no anger cause him,  
He waiteth to console,  
He chides not thy desiring,  
With grace he stills thy soul.  
When troubles round are raging,  
Murm'ring, thou askest "Why?"  
Voiceless—thy grief assuaging—  
He smiles and points on high.

Not for all anxious questions  
Doth he replies prepare,  
The sum of his monitions—  
"Endure—soon ends thy care."  
Thus with thy footsteps blending,  
His words are few and plain,  
And his thoughts are only tending  
To the great, the glorious aim.

*M. S. M.*

INCOMPLETENESS.



NOTHING resting in its own completeness  
Can have worth or beauty : but alone  
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness  
Fuller, higher, deeper, than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,  
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours ;  
But is hidden in her tender leaning  
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly  
Into day, which floods the world with light :  
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy  
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow  
From strife, that in a far-off future lies ;  
And angel glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)  
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper life above ;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly,  
Do not call each glorious change decay ;  
But know we only hold our treasures truly  
When it seems as if they had passed away ;

THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness ;  
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll  
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,  
Bearing onwards man's reluctant soul.'

*A. A. Procter.*

THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.



God doth not leave His own ;  
The night of weeping for a time may last,  
Then, tears all past,  
His going forth shall as the morning shine,  
The sunrise of His favour shall be thine :  
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own ;  
Though few and evil all their days appear,  
Though grief and fear  
Come in the train of earth and hell's  
dark crowd,

The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,  
God doth not leave His own.

God doth not leave His own ;  
This sorrow in their life He doth permit,  
Yea, chooseth it  
To speed His children on their heavenward way,  
He guides the winds.—Faith, hope, and love all say,  
God doth not leave His own.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

NEARER TO THEE.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me :  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;

*NEARER TO THEE.*

So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee.  
Nearer to Thee.

Christ alone beareth me  
Where Thou dost shine :  
Joint-heir He maketh me  
Of the divine !  
In Christ my soul shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*S. F. Adams.*







'UNTO US A SON  
IS GIVEN."



AIL to the Lord's Anointed !

Great David's greater Son !

Hail, in the time appointed,

His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,

To set the captive free ;

To take away transgression,

And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy

For those who suffer wrong ;

To help the poor and needy,

And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,

Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,

Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd

While sun and moon endure,

Beloved, obeyed, reverèd,

'For He shall judge the poor,

*"UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN."*

---

Through changing generations,  
With justice, mercy, truth,  
While stars maintain their stations,  
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showe  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers  
Spring in His path to birth.  
Before Him, on the mountain,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger  
To him shall bow the knee ;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see :  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet

Kings shall fall down before Him  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His wisdom still increasing,—  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain-dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove:  
His name shall stand for ever;  
His new, best name of Love.

*Montgomery.*

*"WALK IN THE LIGHT."*



*"WALK IN THE LIGHT."*

WALK in the light—and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness past away,  
Because on thee the light hath shone  
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light—and sin abhorred  
Shall not defile again ;  
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord  
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light—and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light—so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light—and follow on  
Till faith be turned to sight,  
Where, in divine communion,  
God is Himself the light.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

### ADORATION.



imploping palms we raise towards  
heaven

As though we drew the consecration down,  
And miss the holy wells that gush hard by.  
So men mistakenly look up for dew,  
The while its blessed mist imbathes their feet.

Therefore if any flower shall breathe for thee  
A fragrant message from its pencilled urn ;  
If spring airs glad thee ; if the sunset bring  
Into thine eyes the tears of solemn joy ;  
If any radiant passion come to make  
Existence beautiful and pure to thee ;  
If noblest music sway thee, like a dream ;  
If sorrow to a mournful midnight turn  
Thy noon ; if something deepest in thee wake  
To a dim sentiment of mystery ;  
If musing warm to worship ; if the stars  
Earnestly beckon to immortal life ;  
Ponder such ministrations, and be sure  
Thou hast been touched by God, O human heart,

*Truman.*

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

*"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun."—Psalm lxxiv. 16.*



THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smiles by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee;  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories Thine!  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze,  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

*More.*



## FORGIVEN.



KIND hearts are here; yet would the  
tenderest one  
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.  
And man's forgiveness may be true and  
sweet,  
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete  
Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,  
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only heaven  
Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says "Forgiven."

*A. A. Procter.*



## REDEEMED.

*"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."*—Luke xv. 10.



REDEEMED, redeemed !  
The word went forth from the Father's  
    throne,  
And a flood of light from His blessed  
    Son  
    Upon the suppliant streamed ;  
And the angel host, with one accord,  
    Sent forth a shout and song,  
For another soul by their blessed Lord  
    Was promised to their throng.

Forgiven, forgiven !  
The words went up as the thunder's roll,  
And on the humble, trembling soul  
    The echoes fell from heaven ;  
And the angels touched the silver strings  
    Of their harps and caught the word,

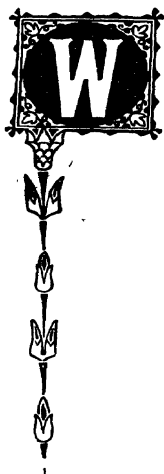


## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Veiled their glad faces with their wings,  
And bowed before the Lord.

Rejoice, rejoice!  
Great was the sound of joy above,  
And brighter seemed the realms of love.  
Sweeter the angel's voice,  
And all because one weary heart  
Had courage to be blest,  
Had taken up the better part,  
And bathed its wings in rest.

### HERE AND THERE.



**W**HAT no human eye hath seen,  
What no mortal ear hath heard,  
What on thought hath never been  
In its noblest flights conferred—  
This hath God prepared in store  
For His people evermore.

When the shaded pilgrim-land  
Fades before my closing eye,  
Then, revealed on either hand,  
Heaven's own scenery shall lie ;  
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,  
Now concealing, darkening all.

## HERE AND THERE.

---

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,  
Life's pure river murmuring low,  
Forms of loveliness and light,  
Lost to earth long time ago,—  
Yes, mine own, lamented long,  
Shine amid the angel throng!

Many a joyful sight was given,  
Many a lovely vision here,  
Hill, and vale, and starry even,  
Friendship's smile, affection's tear,  
These were shadows, sent in love,  
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear  
Earth's last echoes faintly die;  
Then shall angel harps draw near,  
All the chorus of the sky;  
Long-hushed voices blend again,  
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones,  
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,  
Yet creation's travail-groans  
Ever sadly sighed through all;  
There no discord jars the air,  
Harmony is perfect there.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When this aching heart shall rest,  
All its busy pulses o'er,  
From its mortal robes undrest  
Shall my spirit upward soar.  
Then shall unimagined joy  
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm  
Often came to soothe my breast,  
Hours of deep and holy calm,  
Earnests of eternal rest.  
But the bliss was here unknown,  
Which shall there be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun  
Of that wondrous world above;  
All the clouds and storms are gone,  
All is light and all is love.  
All the shadows melt away  
In the blaze of perfect day!

*Hymns from the Land of Luther*





### GOD'S ACRE.



LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just!  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping  
dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they have garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life; alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

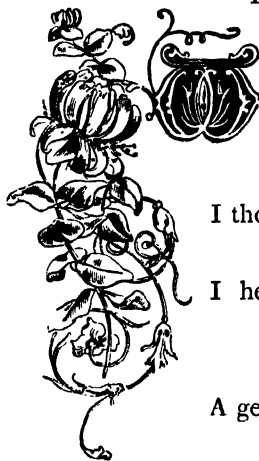
## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
This is the field and acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow !

*Longfellow.*

### THE DREAM.



WEARIED and worn with earthly cares,  
I yielded to repose,  
And soon, before my raptured sight,  
a glorious vision rose :  
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch  
in midnight's solemn gloom,  
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and  
radiance filled the room.

A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle  
gentle whisper said,  
“ Arise, O sleeper, follow me ;” and through the air we  
fled :  
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,  
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway  
streamed.

## *THE DREAM.*

Still on we went, — my soul was wrapped in silent  
ecstasy ;

I wondered what the end would be, what next should  
meet mine eye.

I know not how we journeyed through the pathless fields  
of light,

When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed  
in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold ;  
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets  
of purest gold ;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by  
night ;

The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its  
light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled  
the air,

And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every  
clime were there !

And some that I had loved on earth stood with them  
round the throne :

“ All worthy is the Lamb,” they sang, “ the glory His  
alone.”

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face ;  
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love  
and grace.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last  
Had gained the object of my hopes, that earth at length  
was past.

And then, in solemn tones, He said, "Where is the diadem  
That should be sparkling on thy brow, adorned with many  
a gem?

I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me  
is thine;

But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown  
should shine?

"Thou seest now yonder glorious throng, the stars on  
every brow!

For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now!  
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been  
thy deed,

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in path of  
peace to lead.

"I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life  
alone,

But that the clear and shining light, which round thy  
footsteps shone,

Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home  
of rest,

And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself  
been blest."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE DREAM.

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer  
spake,  
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared  
to break ;  
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering  
light,  
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful  
might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy, that yet I dwelt  
below ;  
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to  
show ;  
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying  
love,  
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home  
above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall  
be,  
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me ;"  
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth  
divine,  
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars  
shall shine."

*S. S. Treasury.*







## SLEEP.



HEN in the silvery moonlight  
The lengthened shadows fall,  
And the silence of night is dropping  
Like gentle dew on all;

When the river's tranquil murmur  
Doth lulling cadence keep,  
And blossoms close their weary eyes,  
He giveth all things sleep.

From the little bud of the daisy,  
And the young bird in the nest,  
To the humble bed of a peasant child,  
All share that quiet rest.

## *SLEEP.*

---

It comes to the poor man's garret,  
And the captive's lonely cell:  
On the sick man's tossing, feverish couch,  
It lays a blessèd spell.

And the Holy One who sends it down  
For a healing and a balm,  
Doth bless it with a mighty power  
Of peacefulness and calm.

He counts the buds that fade and droop,  
And marks all those who weep;  
And closes weary, aching eyes,  
With the holy kiss of sleep;

The truest comfort he has given  
For all earth's pain and woe,  
Until that glorious life beyond  
Nor tears nor sleep shall know.

*Mrs. Broderip.*





## THE HOURS.



HE hours are viewless angels,  
That still go gliding by,  
And bear each minute's record up  
To Him who sits on high ;  
And we, who walk among them,  
As one by one departs,  
See not that they are hovering  
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover  
Around the idle flowers,  
They gather every act and thought,  
Those viewless angel hours ;  
The poison or the nectar  
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,  
A sample still they gather swift  
And leave us in the field.

## THE HOURS.

And some flit by on pinions  
Of joyous gold and blue,  
And some flag on with drooping wings  
Of sorrow's darker hue;  
But still they steal the record,  
And bear it far away;  
Their mission flight, by day or night,  
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute  
That God to us hath given,  
The deeds are known before His throne,  
The tale is told in heaven.  
Those bee-like hours we see not,  
Nor hear their noiseless wings;  
We often feel, too oft, when flown,  
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, heavenly Father,  
To meet each flying hour,  
That as they go they may not show  
My heart a poison flower!  
So when death brings its shadows,  
The hours that linger last  
Shall bear my hopes on angel wings,  
Unfettered by the past.

*C. P. Cranch.*



## SILENCE.



IN silence mighty things are wrought :  
Silently builded, thought on thought,  
Truth's temple greets the sky ;  
And like a citadel with towers,  
The soul, with her subservient powers,  
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow  
The saplings of the forest grow  
To trees of mighty girth ;  
Each nightly star in silence burns,  
And every day in silence turns  
The axle of the earth.

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,  
Fetters the rivers and the land  
With universal chain;  
And smitten by the silent sun,  
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,  
The lands are free again.

O Source unseen of life and light,  
Thy secrecy of silent might  
If we in bondage know,  
Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,  
By silent force of life unbound,  
Move upward from below.

*T. T. Lynch.*

OPEN THOU OUR EYES.

*"Jesus Himself drew near, and wept with them."—Luke xxiv. 15*



AND He drew near and talked with them,  
But they perceived Him not,  
And mourned, unconscious of that light -  
The gloom, the darkness, and the night  
That wrapt His burial spot.

Wearied with doubt, perplexed, and sad,  
They knew nor help nor guide,  
While He who bore the secret key  
To open every mystery,  
Unknown was by their side.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

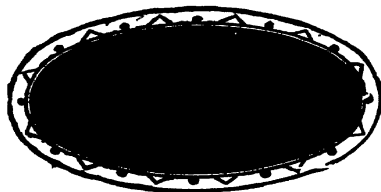
Thus often when we feel alone,  
Nor help nor comfort near,  
'Tis only that our eyes are dim,—  
Doubting and sad, we see not Him  
Who waiteth still to hear.

“The darkness gathers overhead,  
The morn will never come.”  
Did we but raise our downcast eyes,  
In the white-flushing eastern skies  
Appears the glowing sun.

In all our daily joys and griefs,  
In daily work and rest,  
To those who seek Him, Christ is near,  
Our bliss to calm, to soothe our care,  
In leaning on His breast.

Open our eyes, O Lord, we pray,  
To see our way—our Guide,  
That by the path that here we tread,  
We, following on, may still be led  
In Thy light to abide.

*L. R.*



*"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."*



*"WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG."*



ALF feeling our own weakness,  
We place our hands in Thine,—  
Knowing but half our darkness,  
We ask for light divine.

Then when Thy strong arm holds us  
Our weakness most we feel,  
And Thy love-light around us  
Our darkness doth reveal.

Too oft, when faithless doubtings  
Around our spirits press,  
We cry, "Can hands so feeble  
Grasp such almightiness?"

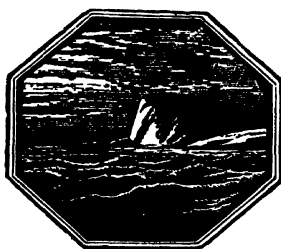
While thus we doubt and tremble,  
Our hold still looser grows ;  
While on our darkness gazing  
Vainly Thy radiance glows.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Oh, cheer us with Thy brightness,  
And guide us by Thy hand,  
In Thy light teach us light to see,  
In Thy strength strong to stand.

Then though our hands be feeble,  
If they but touch Thine arm,  
Thy light and power shall lead us  
And keep us strong and calm.



ROCK OF AGES.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee :  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.

## ROCK OF AGES.

---

Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Black, I to the fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

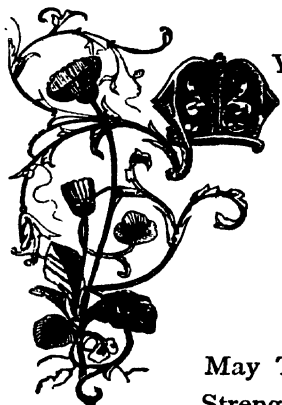
While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, shelter me !  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Toplady.*



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

FAITH IN CHRIST.



Y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine.  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh ! let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh ! may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

## LOOK TO JESUS.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
    Shall o'er me roll ;  
Dear Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove,  
And bear me safe above,  
    A ransomed soul.

## LOOK TO JESUS.



JESUS in thy memory keep,  
Wouldst thou be God's child and  
    friend ;  
Jesus in thy heart shrined deep,  
    Still thy gaze on Jesus bend ;  
In thy toiling, in thy resting,  
Look to Him with every breath,  
Look to Jesus' life and death.

Look to Jesus, till, reviving,  
    Faith and love thy life-springs swell.  
Strength for all good things deriving  
    From Him who did all things well :  
Work, as He did, in thy season,  
Works which shall not fade away,  
Work while it is called to-day.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Look to Jesus, prayerful, waking,  
When thy feet on roses tread;  
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,  
With thy cross where He hath led.  
Look to Jesus in temptation;  
Baffled shall the tempter flee,  
And God's angels come to thee.

Look to Jesus when dark lowering  
Perils thy horizon dim:  
By that band in terror cowering,  
Calm 'midst tempests look to Him,  
Trust in Him who still rebuketh  
Wind and billow, fire and flood;  
Forward! brave by trusting God.

Look to Jesus when distressed;  
See what He, the Holy, bore;  
Is thy heart with conflict pressed?  
Is thy soul still harassed sore?  
See His sweat of blood, His conflict,  
Watch His agony increase,  
Hear His prayer, and feel His peace!



A CLOUD FOR A COVERING AND FIRE TO  
GIVE LIGHT.



WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful Guide in smoke and flame :  
By day along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous  
day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh ! when gathers on our path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering—slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

*Sir W. Scott.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



ING of kings! and Lord of lords!"  
Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
Where Thy house its rest accords.  
Chased and wounded birds are we,  
Through the dark air fled to Thee;  
To the shadow of Thy wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Behold! O Lord! the heathen tread  
'The branches of Thy fruitful vine,  
That its luxurious tendrils spread  
O'er all the hills of Palestine.  
And now the wild boar comes to waste  
Even us, the greenest boughs and last,  
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,  
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,  
Thou still wilt save Thy chosen land!  
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,  
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown;  
By the Egyptian's car-borne host  
Scattered on the Red Sea coast;  
By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
Underneath the drowning water.



*"KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."*

Like us in utter helplessness,  
In their last and worst distress—  
On the sand and seaweed lying,  
Israel poured her doleful sighing;  
While before the deep sea flowed,  
And behind fierce Egypt rode—  
To their fathers' God they prayed,  
To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood  
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;  
And the summoned east wind blew,  
And aside it sternly threw  
The gathered waves, that took their stand  
Like crystal rocks on either hand,  
Or walls of sea-green marble piled  
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
On the wonder-pavèd way,  
Where the treasures of the deep  
In their waves of coral sleep.  
The profound abysses, where  
Was never sound from upper air,  
Rang with Israel's chaunted words,  
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"





## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Then, with bow and banner glancing,  
On exulting Egypt came,  
With her chosen horsemen prancing,  
And her cars on wheels of flame,  
In a rich and boastful ring  
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,  
He looked down upon the proud ;  
And the host drave heavily  
Down the deep bosom of the sea.  
With a quick and sudden swell  
Prone the liquid ramparts fell ;  
Over horse and over car,  
Over every man of war,  
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,  
The loud thundering billows rolled.  
As the level waters spread,  
Down they sank, they sank like lead,  
Down without a cry or groan.  
And the morning sun that shone  
On myriads of bright-armed men,  
Its meridian radiance then  
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,  
Against a silent, solitary shore.

Then did Israel's maidens sing,  
Then did Israel's timbrels ring,

*"KING OF KINGS' AND LORD OF LORDS."*

---

To Him, the King of kings! that in the sea,  
The Lord of Hosts! had triumphed gloriously.

And our timbrels' flashing chords,  
"King of kings! and Lord of lords!"  
Shall they not attuned be  
Once again to victory?  
Lo! a glorious triumph now!  
Lo! against Thy people come  
A mightier Pharaoh: wilt not 'Thou  
Craze the chariot-wheels of Rome?  
Wilt not, like the Red Sea wave,  
Thy stern anger overthrow?  
And from worse than bondage save,  
From sadder than Egyptian woe,  
Those whose silver cymbals glance,  
Those who lead the suppliant dance,  
Thy race, the only race that sings  
"Lord of lords, and King of kings."

*Fall of Jerusalem—Dean Milman.*





### MARTYRS' SONG.

**W**E meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;  
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow;  
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,  
All the same it leads home to God:  
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,  
One like God's Son will walk with us.

## *MARTYRS' SONG.*

What are these that glow from afar,  
These that lean over the golden bar,  
Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,  
With open arms and hearts of love?  
They are blessed ones gone before,  
They the blessed for evermore.  
Out of great tribulation they went  
Home to their home of heaven content;  
Through flood, or blood, or furnace-fire,  
To the rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,  
With flashing heads and faces bowed,  
In their mouths a victorious psalm,  
In their hands a robe and a palm?  
Welcoming angels these that shine,—  
Your own angel, and yours, and mine,  
Who have hedged us both day and night  
On the left hand and on the right,  
Who have watched us both night and day,  
Because the devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,  
Whom words cannot utter, lo, who is this?  
As a King with many crowns He stands,  
And our names are graven upon His hands;  
As a Priest, with God-uplifted eyes,  
He offers for us His Sacrifice;

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

As the Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
That we too may live He lives again;  
As our Champion behold Him stand,  
Strong to save us, at God's Right Hand.

God the Father give us grace  
To walk in the light of Jesus' face;  
God the Son give us a part  
In the hiding-place of Jesus' heart;  
God the Spirit so hold us up  
That we may drink of Jesus' cup.

Death is short and life is long;  
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.  
At His word who hath led us hither  
The Red Sea must part hither and thither  
At His word who goes before us too  
Jordan must cleave to let us through.

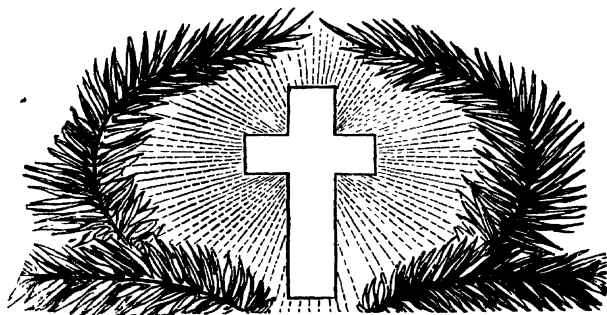
Yet one pang, searching and sore,  
And then heaven for evermore;  
Yet one moment, awful and dark,  
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark;  
Yet one effort by Christ His grace,  
Then Christ for ever face to face.

God the Father we will adore,  
In Jesus' Name, now and evermore:

*MARTYRS' SONG.*

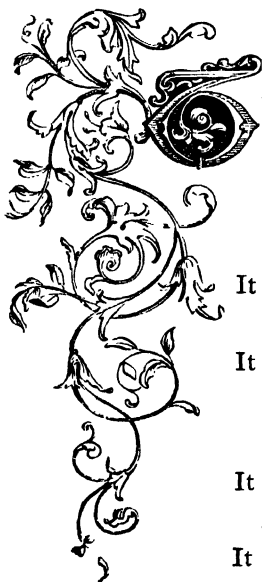
God the Son we will love and thank  
In this flood and on the farther bank :  
God the Holy Ghost we will praise,  
In Jesus' Name, through endless days :  
God Almighty, God Three in One,  
God Almighty, God alone !

*Christina Rossetti.*





JESUS.



HERE is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth ;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth,

It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free ;  
It tells me of His precious blood ;  
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child ;  
It cheers me through this "little while,"  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath  
In store for every day,  
And, though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.

JESUS.



It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in my sorrow bears a part,  
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
It dries each rising tear;  
It tells me in a "still small voice"  
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bough throng  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love for me.

F. W.





CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

FAITH.



FAITH is the dawning of the day,  
Where darkness was before ;  
The rising of the solar ray,  
To set in night no more.

\*

Faith leads me onward to the Cross,  
And through it to a crown,  
When purified from all the dross  
That weighs the spirit down.

Faith takes her balances of gold,  
And weighs with skill sublime  
Eternal happiness untold,  
Against the dreams of time.

Faith is the compass never wrong,  
Not swerving from its pole :  
It cheers the weak, directs the strong,  
And gladdens every soul.

Faith is the charm that keeps our sight  
From wandering by the way ;  
It studs with stars the brow of night,  
And turns it into day.

*Lyra Mystica. M. Bridges.*



## SABBATH.



AFTER long days of storm and showers,  
Of sighing winds and dripping bowers,  
How sweet at morn to ope our eyes  
On newly swept and garnished skies!

To miss the cloud and driving rain,  
And see that all is bright again,  
So bright we cannot choose but say,  
“Is this the world of yesterday?”

E'en so, methinks, the Sabbath brings  
A change o'er all familiar things;  
A change we know not whence it came,  
They are, and they are not the same.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

There is a spell within, around,  
On eye and ear, on sight and sound,  
And, loth or willing, they and we  
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress,  
Which sanctifies their loveliness ;  
Types of that endless resting-day  
When we shall all be changed as they.

To-day our peaceful-ordered home  
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come ;  
We foretaste, in domestic love,  
The faultless charities above.

And as, at yester-eventide,  
Our tasks and toys were laid aside,  
So here we're training for the day  
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musing deep,  
Our souls this "day of days" would keep,  
Yet other glorious things than these  
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes by faith his Lord behold,  
How on the week's "first day" of old  
From hell He rose, on earth He trod,  
Was seen of men, and went to God.

## *SABBATH.*

And as we fondly pause to look,  
When in some daily-handled book  
Approval's well-known tokens stand,  
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand;

E'en so there shines one day in seven,  
Bright with the special mark of heaven,  
That we with love and praise may dwell  
On Him who loveth us so well.

Whether in meditative walk  
Alone with God and heaven we talk,  
Catching the simple chime which calls  
Our feet to some old church's walls,—

Or, passed within the church's door,  
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,  
We pray the prayers, and hear the word,  
Which there our fathers prayed and heard.

Or represent, in solemn wise,  
Our all-prevailing Sacrifice,  
Feeding, in communion high,  
The life of faith which cannot die.

And surely, in a world like this,  
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss,  
Where fondest hopes are often crossed,  
And fondest hearts are severed most,—

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

'Tis something that we kneel and pray,  
With loved ones near and far away,  
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,  
One form of words, one hour of prayer.

'Tis past, yet pause till ear and heart,  
In one brief silence ere we part,  
Something of that high strain have caught—  
The peace of God which passeth aught.

Then turn we to our earthly homes,  
Not doubting but that Jesus comes,  
Breathing His peace on hall and hut,  
“At even when the doors are shut,”—

Then speed us on our earthly way,  
And hallows every common day:  
Without Him Sunday's self were dim,  
And all are bright if spent with Him.



"BEYOND."



"BEYOND."



E must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that  
love for life is only given,  
And that the calm and sainted dead will  
meet estranged and cold in heaven :  
Oh ! love were poor and vain indeed, based  
on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with  
all the starry worlds of light,  
With all the glory of the day, and calmer  
tenderness of night ;

For in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal  
and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science,  
learning, wealth, and power,  
Slow growths, that through long ages came, or fruits of  
some convulsive hour,  
Whose very memory must decay—heaven is too pure for  
such as they.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

They are complete: their work is done. So let them  
sleep in endless rest;  
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully  
blest;  
It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of  
meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here  
below,  
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism  
of woe,  
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that  
it shall rise again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air  
is dark and dense,  
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so  
intense;  
When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its  
light! how strong its strength!

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base  
counterfeits abound)  
Shall perish with what gave them birth, their graves are  
green and fresh around,  
No funeral song shall need to rise, for the true love  
that never dies.

## LIVING.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we  
should not know

What was our life of life when here—the hearts we loved  
so much below ;

I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But love is no such soulless clod : living, perfected, it  
shall rise

Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the  
skies ;

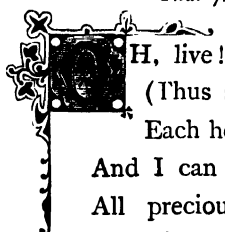
And that which makes this life so sweet shall render  
heaven's joy complete.

*A. A. Procter.*

## LIVING.

### AFTER A DEATH.

*"That friend of mine who lives in God."*



H, live !

(Thus seems it we should say to our beloved,  
Each held by such slight links so oft removed :)

And I can let thee go to the world's end ;

All precious names, — companion, love, spouse,  
friend,—

Seal up in an eternal silence grey,

Like a closed grave, till resurrection-day,

All sweet remembrances, hopes, dreams, desires,

Heap, as one heaps up sacrificial fires ;



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Then turning, consecrate by loss, and proud  
Of penury, go back into the loud  
Tumultuous world again with never a moan,  
Save that which whispers still "My own, my own,"  
Under the same broad sky whose arch immense  
Enfolds us both like the arm of Providence;  
And thus contented I could live or die,  
With never clasp of hand or meeting eye  
On this side Paradise.—While thee I see  
Living to God, thou art alive to me.

Oh, live!

And I, methinks, can let all dear rights go,  
Fond duties melt away like April snow,  
And sweet, sweet hope, that took a life to weave,  
Vanish like gossamers of autumn eve.  
Nay, sometimes seems it I could even bear  
To lay down humbly the love-crown I wear,  
Steal from my palace, helpless, hopeless, poor,  
And see another queen it at the door,—  
If only that the king had done no wrong,  
If this my palace, where I dwelt so long,  
Were not defiled by falsehood entering in:  
There is no loss but change, no death but sin,  
No parting, save the slow corrupting pain  
Of murdered faith that never lives again.

Oh, live!

(So endeth faint the low pathetic cry

## LIVING.

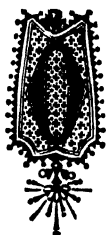
Of love, whom death hath taught, love cannot die,)  
And I can stand above the daisy bed,  
The only pillow for thy dearest head,  
There cover up for ever from my sight  
My own, my own, my all of earth-delight ;  
And enter the sea-cave of widowed years,  
Where far, far off, the trembling gleam appears  
Through which thy heavenly image slipped away,  
And waits to meet me at the open day.  
Only to me, my love, only to me  
This cavern underneath the moaning sea ;  
This long, long life that I alone must tread ;  
To whom the living seem most like the dead.  
Thou wilt be safe out on the happy shore ;  
He who in God lives, liveth evermore.

*Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax."*





“FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.”



SWEET home-echo on the pilgrim's way,  
Thrice welcome message from a land of light  
As through a clouded sky the moonbeams stray,  
So on eternity's deep shrouded night  
Streams a mild radiance, from that cheering  
word,

“So shall we be for ever with the Lord.”

At home with Jesus! He who went before,  
For His own people mansions to prepare;

*"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD:*

The soul's deep longings stilled, its conflicts o'er,  
All rest and blessedness with Jesus there,—  
What home like this can the wide earth afford?  
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

With Him all gathered! to that blessed home,  
Through all its windings, still the pathway tends;  
While ever and anon bright glimpses come  
Of that fair city where the journey ends;  
Where all of bliss is centred in one word,  
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

Here kindred hearts are severed far and wide,  
By many a weary mile of land and sea,  
Or life's all-varied cares, and paths divide;  
But yet a joyful gathering shall be,  
The broken links repaired, the loss restored,  
'So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

And is there ever perfect union here?  
Oh! daily sins lamented and confessed,  
They come between us and the friends most dear,  
They mar our blessedness and break our rest,  
With life we have the evils long deplored,  
"So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

All prone to error—none set wholly free

From the old Serpent's soul-ensnaring chain,  
The truths one child of God can plainly see

He seeks to make his brother feel in vain ;  
But all shall harmonize in heaven's full chord,  
So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

O precious promise, mercifully given,

Well may it hush the wail of earthly woe ;  
Oh, let the dark passage to the gates of heaven

The light of hope and resurrection throw !  
Thanks for the blessed life-inspiring word,  
So shall we be for ever with the Lord."

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*



AS THOU WILT.



AS THOU WILT.

AS Thou wilt, my God! I ever say;  
What Thou wilt is ever best for me;  
What have I to do with earthly care,  
Since to-morrow I may leave with  
Thee?

Lord, Thou knowest, I am not my  
own,  
All my hope and help depend on  
Thee alone.

As Thou wilt! still I can believe;  
Never did the word of promise fail;  
Faith can hold it fast, and feel it sure,  
Though temptations, clouds, and fears  
assail.

Why art thou disquieted, O my soul!  
When thy Father knows, and rules the whole?

As Thou wilt! still I can endure;  
Patiently my daily cross can bear;  
Why should I complain, a pardoned child,  
If the children's portion here I share?  
As Thou wilt, my Father and my God!  
I can drink the cup and kiss the rod.

As Thou wilt! still I can hope on;  
Sunshine may return when storms have past;

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Thine All-seeing eye of sleepless love  
Watches o'er my path from first to last.  
When Thou wilt, upon the desert plain  
Springs may rise anew, and rivers flow again.

As Thou wilt ! all life's journey through,  
To Thy will my own I would resign ;  
If on earth I have but little store,  
Be it so ! all heaven shall be mine ;  
Or if but Thyself, my God, art given,  
Nothing more I need, or ask in earth or heaven.

As Thou wilt ! when Thine hour has come,  
Let Thy servant, Lord, in peace depart ;  
Good it is to love and serve Thee here,  
Better to be with Thee where Thou art,  
When or where or how the call may be,  
It will not come too early or too late for me.

As thou wilt, O Lord ! I ask no more.  
With the promise Faith pursues her way ;  
Patience can endure through sorrow's night,  
Hope can look beyond to heaven's own day,  
Love can wait, and trust, and labour still ;—  
Life and death shall be according to Thy will !

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*

RABIA.

RABIA.



OUND holy Rabia's suffering  
bed

The wise men gathered,  
gazing gravely—



‘ Daughter of God !’ the youngest said,

“Endure thy Father’s chastening bravely :  
They who have steeped their souls in prayer  
Can every anguish calmly bear.”

She answered not, and turned aside,  
Though not reproachfully nor sadly.

‘ Daughter of God !’ the eldest cried,  
“Sustain thy Father’s chastening gladly :  
They who have learned to pray aright  
From pain’s dark well draw up delight.”

Then she spoke out,—“Your words are fair ;  
But, oh ! the truth lies deeper still ;  
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,  
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill :  
They who God’s face can understand  
Feel not the motions of His hand.”

*Lord Houghton.*





THE CHURCH ON EARTH.



IS one vast united army,  
Ruled and governed by Thy hand  
Drawn up ever, watching, waiting,  
Where the hosts of evil stand.

And the battle-cry is sounding,  
Daily sounding o'er the plain;  
And the soft dim twilight deepens  
But to wake it up again.

Thou hast placed Thyself each soldier  
In the rank where he should be;  
Thou hast sealed him with Thy signet—  
Made him strong, O Lord, in Thee.

Thou hast clothed him in the armour  
Of Thine own celestial might;  
Gleaming softly in the sunshine,  
In the silent stars of night.

## *THE CHURCH ON EARTH.*

O'er his head the snow-white banner,  
With its shining symbol, waves ;  
And its sweet and holy shadow  
Every faltering footstep saves.

Thou art guiding and directing  
In Thy wisdom day by day ;  
Thou dost rule this mighty army  
With a tender, loving sway.

One vast host of one great Ruler !  
Though each soul alone must face  
All the special strife and danger  
Of his own appointed place.

Ay, though none may shun the warfare,  
Nor his daily cross lay down ;  
And though each must win his laurels,  
Each his own immediate crown ;

'Tis one Church—redeemed, united  
In the person of our Lord ;  
'Tis one Church—His Bride beloved—  
To her first estate restored.

We are members of that Body,  
We are branches of that Vine,  
We are shafts of that great Temple  
With its Corner-Stone divine.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Many sheep in one fold sheltered,  
Many links of one great chain,  
Many soldiers—but one army—  
On the one great battle-plain.

One, and only one, for ever,  
In this time of earthly strife ;  
One, and only one, hereafter,  
In the bright and endless life.

Help us, O Thou mighty Saviour,  
To be fruitful unto Thee,  
That we keep our place within it  
Throughout all eternity.

*Ada Cambridge.*



*A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.*



A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.



HELMET of the hope of rest :  
    Helmet of salvation !  
Nobly has thy towering crest  
    Pointed to this exaltation.  
Yet I will not thee resume,  
Helmet of the nodding plume ;  
Where I go no foeman fighteth,  
Sword or other weapon smiteth ;  
All content I lay thee down,  
I shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

Sword at my side ! Sword of the Spirit !  
    Word of God ! Thou goodly blade !  
Often have I tried thy merit ;  
    Never hast thou me betrayed.  
Yet I will no further use thee,  
Here for ever I unloose thee ;  
Branch of peaceful palm shall be  
Sword sufficient now for me ;

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

“Fought the fight, the victory won,”  
Rest thou here, thy work is done.

Shield of faith ! my trembling heart  
Well thy battered front has guarded ;  
Many a fierce and fiery dart  
From my bosom thou hast warded.  
But I shall no longer need thee,  
Never more will hold or heed thee.  
Fare thee well ! the foe's defeated,  
Of his wished-for victim cheated ;  
In the realms of peace and light  
Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

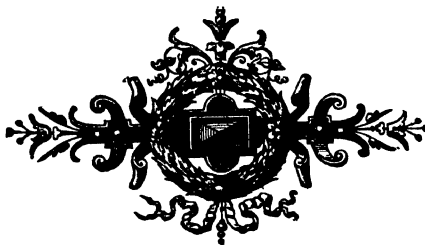
Girdle of the truth of God !  
Breastplate of His righteousness !  
By the Lord Himself bestowed  
On His faithful witnesses,  
Never have I dared unclasp thee,  
Lest the subtle foe should grasp me ;  
Now I may at length unbind ye,  
Leave you here at rest behind me :  
Nought shall harm my soul equipped  
In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

Sandals of the preparation  
Of the news of peace !

There must now be separation,  
Here your uses cease.  
Gladly shall my naked feet  
Go my blessèd Lord to meet ;  
I shall wander at His side  
Where the living waters glide ;  
And these feet shall need no guard  
On the unbroken heavenly sward.

Here I stand of all unclothèd,  
Waiting to be clothed upon  
By the Church's great Betrothèd,  
By the Everlasting One.  
Hark ! He turns the admitting key,  
Smiles in love, and welcomes me ;  
Glorious forms of angels bright  
Clothe me in the raiment white,  
Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,  
"For the rest, wait thou till the Judgment Day."

*Professor G. Wilson.*



THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.

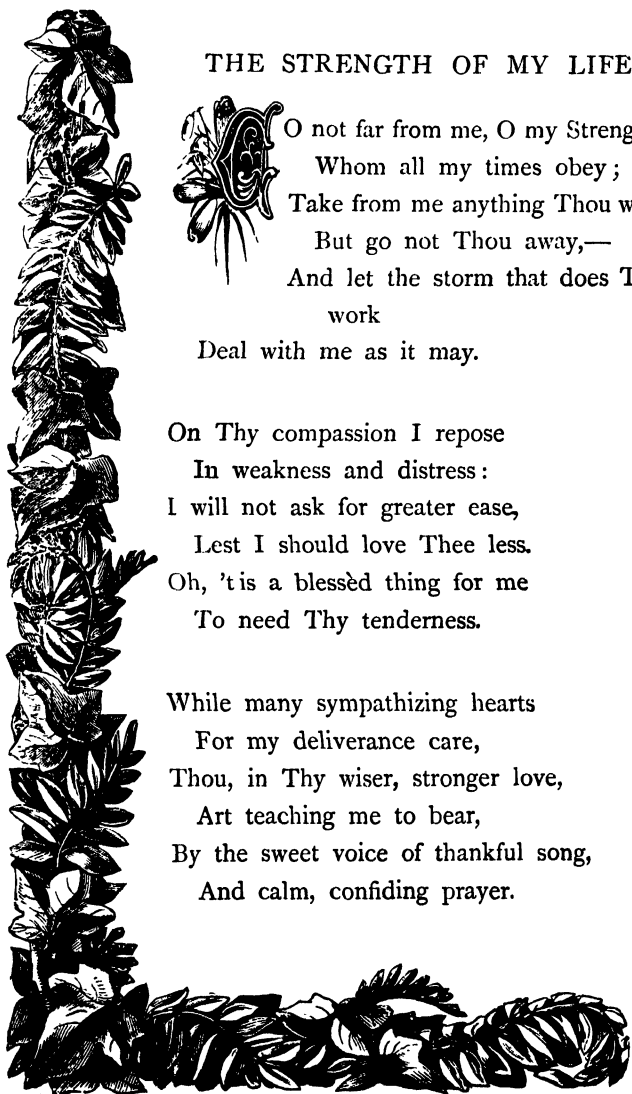


O not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away,—  
And let the storm that does Thy  
work

Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose  
In weakness and distress :  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less.  
Oh, 't is a blessèd thing for me  
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts  
For my deliverance care,  
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,  
Art teaching me to bear,  
By the sweet voice of thankful song,  
And calm, confiding prayer.



*THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.*

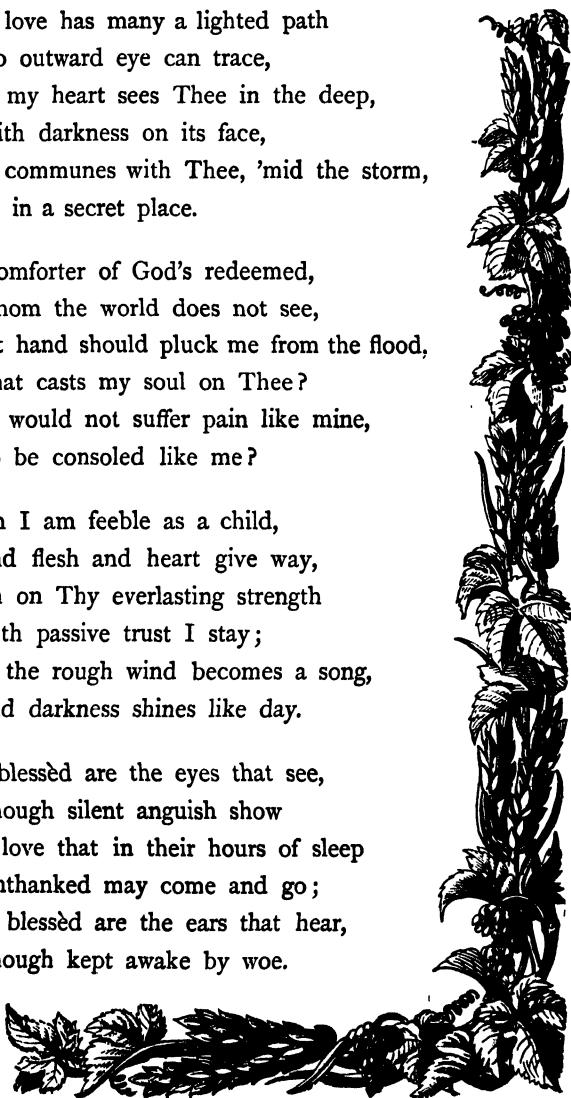
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Thy love has many a lighted path  
No outward eye can trace,  
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
With darkness on its face,  
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,  
As in a secret place.


O Comforter of God's redeemed,  
Whom the world does not see,  
What hand should pluck me from the flood,  
That casts my soul on Thee?  
Who would not suffer pain like mine,  
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength  
With passive trust I stay;  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
And darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessèd are the eyes that see,  
Though silent anguish show  
The love that in their hours of sleep  
Unthanked may come and go;  
And blessèd are the ears that hear,  
Though kept awake by woe.








Happy are they that learn, in Thee,  
Though patient suffering teach  
The secret of enduring strength,  
And praise too deep for speech :  
*Peace* that no presence from without,  
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,  
For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;  
There is no curse in this my pain,  
For He was crucified ;  
And it is fellowship with Him  
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,  
My heart is strong to bear ;  
I will be joyful in Thy love,  
And peaceful in Thy care.  
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be ;  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see ;



## *THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE.*

---

And oh ! it is not hard to bear  
What must be borne in Thee !

It is not hard to bear by faith,  
In Thine own bosom laid,  
The trial of a soul redeemed,  
For Thy rejoicing made.  
Well may the heart in patience rest  
That none can make afraid.


Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore—  
Borne onward—sin and death behind,  
And love and life before—  
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say—  
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away ;  
And let the storm that speeds me home  
Deal with me as it may.

*A. L. Waring.*



MY DOVES.



**M**Y little doves have left a nest  
Upon an Indian tree,  
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest  
Or motion from the sea ;  
For, ever there the sea-winds go  
With sunlit paces to and fro.

The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down,  
And there my little doves did sit  
With feathers softly brown,  
And glittering eyes that showed their right  
To general nature's deep delight.

And God them taught, at every close  
Of murmuring waves beyond,  
And green leaves round, to interpose  
Their choral voices fond,  
Interpreting that love must be  
The meaning of the earth and sea.

## MY DOVES.

---

Fit ministers! of living loves  
Theirs hath the calmest fashion,  
Their living voice the likeliest moves  
To lifeless intonation;  
The lovely monotone of springs!  
And winds, and such insensate things.

My little doves were ta'en away  
From that glad nest of theirs,  
Across an ocean rolling grey,  
And tempest-clouded airs;  
My little doves, who lately knew  
The sky and wave by warmth and blue,

And now, within the city prison,  
In mist and chillness pent,  
With sudden upward look they listen  
For sounds of past content,  
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,  
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir without the glow of passion,  
The triumph of the mart,  
The gold and silver as they clash on  
Man's cold metallic heart,  
The roar of wheels, the cry for bread,  
These only sounds are heard instead.



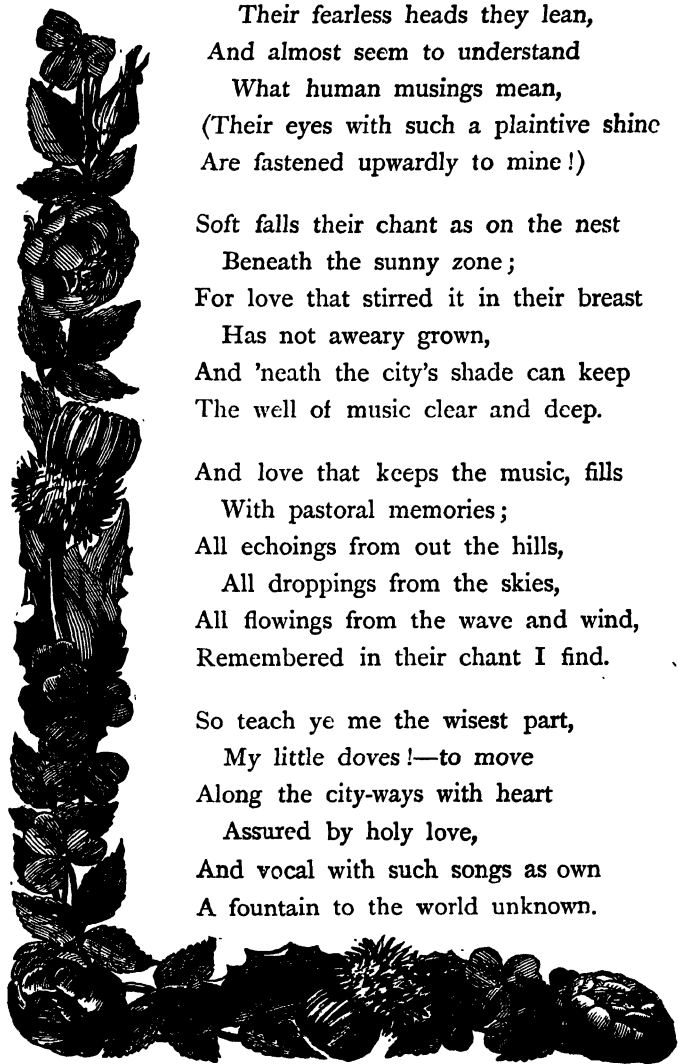
*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Yet still, as on my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean,  
(Their eyes with such a plaintive shine  
Are fastened upwardly to mine !)

Soft falls their chant as on the nest  
Beneath the sunny zone ;  
For love that stirred it in their breast  
Has not aweary grown,  
And 'neath the city's shade can keep  
The well of music clear and deep.

And love that keeps the music, fills  
With pastoral memories ;  
All echoings from out the hills,  
All droppings from the skies,  
All flowings from the wave and wind,  
Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,  
My little doves !—to move  
Along the city-ways with heart  
Assured by holy love,  
And vocal with such songs as own  
A fountain to the world unknown.



## MY DOVES.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream--  
More hard in Babel's street ;  
But if the soulless creatures deem  
Their music not unmeet  
For sunless walls—let *us* begin,  
Who wear immortal wings within !

To me, fair memories belong  
Of scenes that used to bless,  
For no regret, but present song  
And lasting thankfulness,  
And very soon to break away  
Like types, in purer things than they.

I will have hopes that cannot fade,  
For flowers the valley yields ;  
I will have humble thoughts instead  
Of silent dewy fields :  
My spirit and my God shall be  
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

*E. B. Browning.*



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

BLESS US TO-NIGHT.



FATHER of love and power,  
Guard Thou our evening hour,  
Shield with Thy might.  
For all Thy care this day  
Our grateful thanks we pay,  
And to our Father pray,  
Bless us to-night.

Jesus Emmanuel,  
Come in Thy love to dwell  
In hearts contrite;  
For many sins we grieve,  
But we Thy grace receive,  
And in thy Word believe;  
Bless us to-night.

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Shed forth Thy light;  
Heal every sinner's smart;  
Still every throbbing heart,  
And Thine own peace impart;  
Bless us to-night.

*MY PSALM.*

MY PSALM.

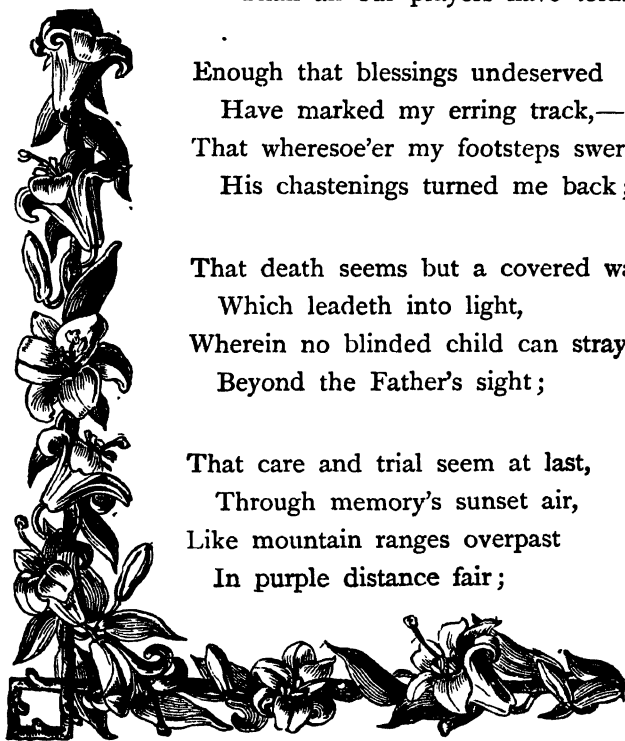


ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold;  
And knoweth more of all our needs  
Than all our prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track,—  
That wheresoe'er my footsteps swerve  
His chastenings turned me back;

That death seems but a covered way  
Which leadeth into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast  
In purple distance fair;





## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in one psalm,  
And all the angels of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play,  
And every window of my heart  
I open to the day.

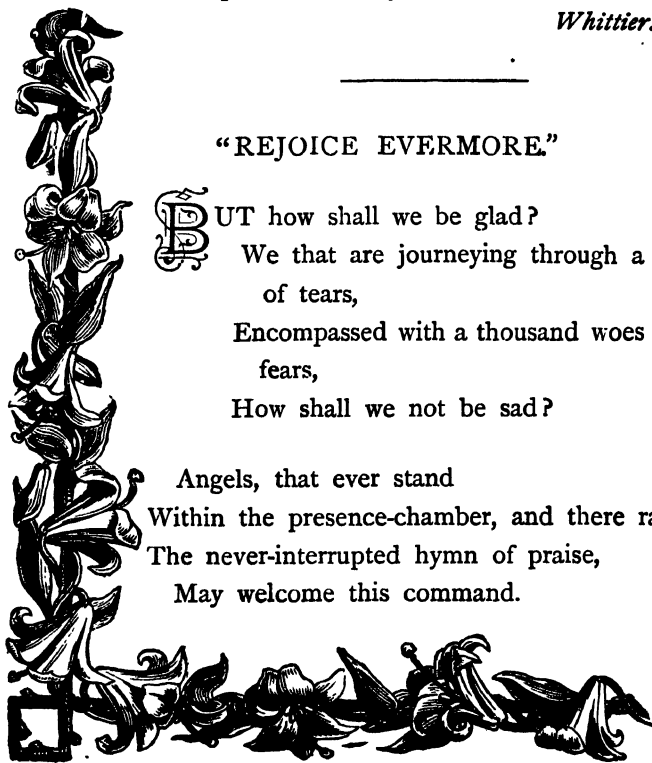
*Whittier.*

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### "REJOICE EVERMORE."

**B**UT how shall we be glad?  
We that are journeying through a v  
of tears,  
Encompassed with a thousand woes a  
fears,  
How shall we not be sad?

Angels, that ever stand  
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise  
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,  
May welcome this command.



*"REJOICE EVERMORE."*

Or they whose strife is o'er,  
Who all their weary length of life have trod,  
As pillars now within the temple of God,  
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,  
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,  
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face  
With many a bitter tear,—

Bid us lament and mourn,  
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,  
And we will find it easy to obey,  
Of our best things forlorn.

But not that we be glad :  
If it be true the mourners are the blest,  
Oh, leave us in a world of sin, unrest,  
And trouble, to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,—  
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,  
That fill the world, all mine appointed time  
A settled grief to keep.

When lo ! as day from night,  
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,  
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,  
Even in mine own despite.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Yet was not that by this  
Excluded, at the coming of that joy  
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy  
The newly-risen bliss ;

But side by side they flow,  
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,  
And oftentimes scarcely to be known apart—  
That gladness and that woe ;

Two fountains from one source,  
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,  
That aye for him who shall unseal the one  
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,  
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,  
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow  
Shed round them holy balm.

*Archbishop Trench.*



## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

### THE SONG OF SONGS.



HERE is a song now singing,—  
Catch but its sweet beginning  
And you will still its notes prolong :  
For ever, ever learning,  
Yet never quite discerning  
The deep, full meaning of the song!

It tells of love undying,  
Before which grief is flying,  
Like mists swept by the sun along !  
Oh ! how earth's sorrow leaveth  
The heart that here receiveth  
The holy music of the song.

*Hymns from the Land of Luther*

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.



JERUSALEM the Golden,  
I languish for one gleam  
Of all thy glory folden  
In distance, and in dream !  
My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---

For a glimpse of that dear country  
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden,  
Methinks each flower that blows,  
And every bird a-singing,  
Of thee some secret knows!  
I know not what the flowers  
Can feel, or singers see,  
But all these summer raptures  
Are prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden,  
When sunset's in the west,  
It seems thy gate of glory,  
Thou city of the blest!  
And midnight's starry torches,  
Through intermediate gloom,  
Are waving with their welcome  
To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem the Golden!  
Where loftily they sing,  
O'er pain and sorrows olden  
For ever triumphing!



## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

---

Lowly may be thy portal,  
And dark may be the door,  
The mansion is immortal—  
God's palace for His poor.

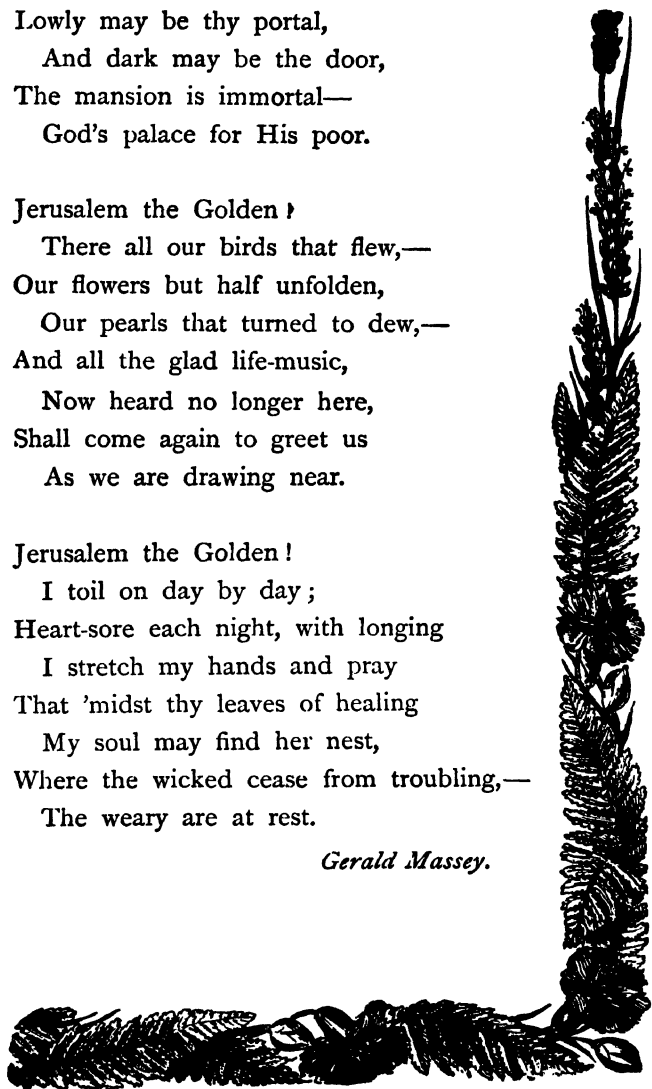
Jerusalem the Golden !

There all our birds that flew,—  
Our flowers but half unfolden,  
Our pearls that turned to dew,—  
And all the glad life-music,  
Now heard no longer here,  
Shall come again to greet us  
As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden !

I toil on day by day ;  
Heart-sore each night, with longing  
I stretch my hands and pray  
That 'midst thy leaves of healing  
My soul may find her nest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,—  
The weary are at rest.

*Gerald Massey.*





TOO LATE!



LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill;  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.  
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we, for that we do repent;  
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.  
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late, and dark and chill the night;  
Oh, let us in that we may find the light!  
—Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?  
Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!  
—No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

*Tennyson.*

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN.



STAR of morn and even,  
Sun of Heaven's heaven;  
Saviour high and dear,  
Toward us turn Thine ear;  
Through whate'er may come,  
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,  
Those we leant on leave us,  
Though the coward heart  
Quit its proper part,  
Though the Tempter come,  
Thou wilt lead us home.

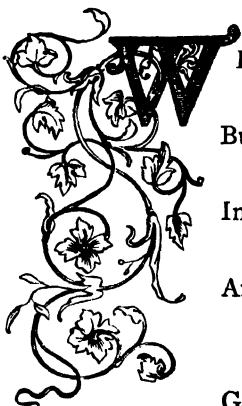
Saviour pure and holy,  
Lover of the lowly,  
Sign us with Thy sign,  
Take our hands in Thine,  
Take our hands and come,  
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,  
Shine on us from heaven,  
From Thy glory-throne  
Hear Thy very own!  
Lord and Saviour, come,  
Lead us to our home!

*F. T. Palgrave*



THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.



W HAT within me and without  
Hourly on my spirit weighs,  
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,  
Darkening all my weary days?  
In it I behold Thy will,  
God, Who giveth rest and peace,  
And my heart is calm and still,  
Waiting till Thou send release.

God! Thou art my rock of strength,  
And my home is in Thine arms,  
Thou wilt send me help at length,  
And I feel no wild alarms.  
Sin nor death can pierce the shield  
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,  
Up to Thee myself I yield,  
And my sorrows are Thine own.

Thou my shelter from the blast,  
Thou my strong defence art ever;  
'Though my sorrows thicken fast,  
Yet I know thou leav'st me never.  
When my foe puts forth his might,  
And would tread me in the dust,

*THE COVERT OF THY WINGS.*

---

To this rock I take my flight,  
And I conquer him through trust.

When my trials tarry long,  
Unto Thee I look and wait,  
Knowing none, though keen and strong,  
Can my faith in Thee abate.  
And this faith I long have nurst  
Comes alone, O God, from Thee ;  
Thou my heart didst open first,  
Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians ! cast on Him your load,  
To your tower of refuge fly ;  
Know He is the living God,  
Ever to His creatures nigh.  
Seek His ever open door  
In your hours of utmost need ;  
All your hearts before Him pour,  
He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,  
Cleaving to the things of earth ?  
Leanest thou for aid on man ?  
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.  
Rather trust the One alone  
Whose is endless power and love,  
And the help He gives His own  
Thou in very deed shalt prove.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Yea, on Thee, my God, I rest,  
Letting life float calmly on,  
For I know the last is best,  
When the crown of joy is won.  
In Thy might all things I bear,  
In Thy love find bitters sweet,  
And with all my grief and care  
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vexed?  
Let things go as e'en they will;  
Though to thee they seem perplexed,  
Yet His order they fulfil.  
Here He is thy strength and guard,  
Power to harm thee here is none;  
Yonder will He each reward  
For the works he here has done.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread  
O'er me, keep me close to Thee;  
In the peace Thy love doth shed  
Let me dwell eternally.  
Be my all; in all I do  
Let me only seek Thy will.  
Where the heart to Thee is true  
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

*Lyra Germanica.*

THE TWINS.

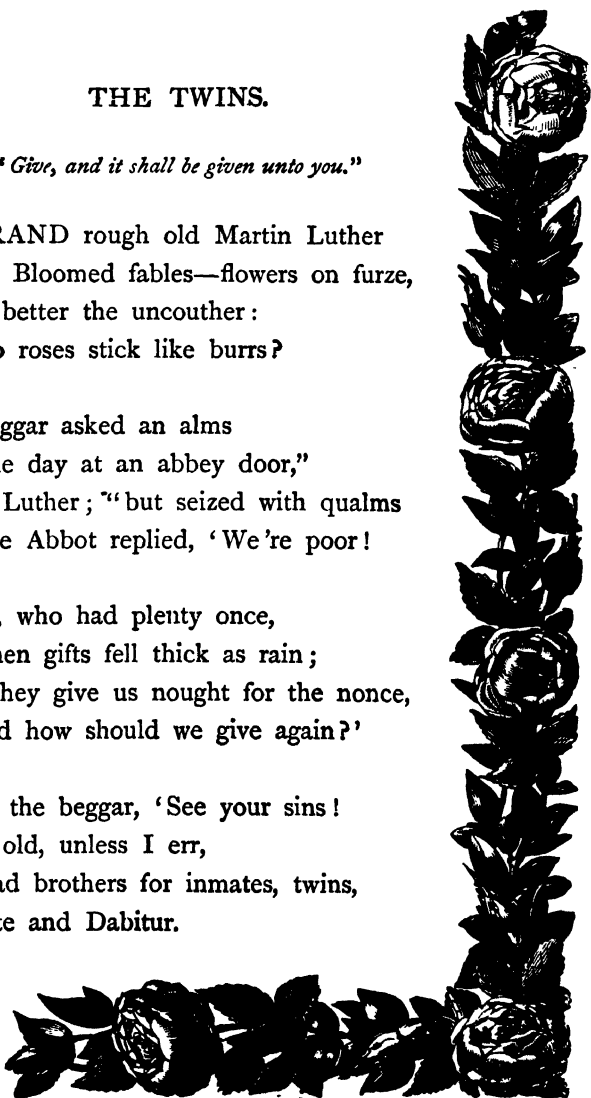
*"Give, and it shall be given unto you."*

**G**RAND rough old Martin Luther  
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,  
The better the uncouth:  
Do roses stick like burrs?

"A beggar asked an alms  
One day at an abbey door,"  
Said Luther; "but seized with qualms  
The Abbot replied, 'We're poor!'"

"'Poor, who had plenty once,  
When gifts fell thick as rain;  
But they give us nought for the nonce,  
And how should we give again?'"

"Then the beggar, 'See your sins!  
Of old, unless I err,  
Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,  
Date and Dabitur."



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

While Date was in good case  
Dabitur flourished too ;  
For Dabitur's lenten face  
No wonder if Date rue.

'Would ye retrieve the one?  
Try and make plump the other  
When Date's penance is done,  
Dabitur helps his brother.

'Only beware relapse !'  
The Abbot hung his head.  
This beggar might be, perhaps,  
An angel," Luther said.

*R. Browning.*



## THE LAW OF LOVE.

### THE LAW OF LOVE.

*See II. Kings iv. 1—6.*



OUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,  
It will not fail until  
Thou failest vessels to provide,  
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no  
more,  
Though flowing broad and free,  
Till then, and nourished from on high,  
It straightway stauched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And Love has overflowing streams  
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of Love for thee  
Will soon be parched and dried.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

For we must share, if we would keep  
That good thing from above ;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—  
Such is the law of Love.

*Archbishop Trench.*



“THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.”



QUIET heart, submissive, meek,  
Father, do Thou bestow ;  
Which more than granted will not seek  
To have, or give, or know.

Each green hill then will hold its gift  
Forth to my joying eyes ;  
The mountains blue will then uplift  
My spirit to the skies.

The falling water then will sound  
As if for me alone ;  
Nay, will not blessing more abound  
That many hear its tone ?

*"THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."*

---

The trees their murmuring forth will send ;  
The birds send forth their song ;  
The waving grass its tribute lend  
Sweet music to prolong.

The water-lily's shining cup,  
The trumpet of the bee,  
The hundred odours floating up,  
The many-shaded sea,

The rising sun's unprinted tread  
Upon the crested waves,  
The gold and blue clouds overhead,  
The weed from far sea-caves.

All lovely things from south to north,  
All harmonies that be,  
Each will its soul of joy send forth  
To enter into me.

And thus the wide earth I shall hold,  
A perfect gift of Thine ;  
Richer by these a thousandfold,  
Than if broad lands were mine.

*G. Macdonald.*







THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

**I** SAY to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will One guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day;



## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more—they only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

*Archbishop Trench.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

LOSS AND GAIN.



LIKE berries on some inner bough,  
Which swell, grow red, and straight  
decay,  
Finding for beauty no employ,  
Till all their fitness fades away;  
Yet join some elemental force  
And fatten soil for other trees,—  
How often seem our human lives  
Useless, or useful but as these!

Whether, of earthly children, sires,  
Men toil and store, or whether, crossed  
In that most ardent of desires,  
The current of their lives seem lost;  
Whether the task be duly done,  
Or the strong word unnoticed fall;  
God counts His workmen one by one,  
And surely, too, He uses all.

No life is lost, no hope is vain,  
No prayer without a sequent deed;  
He turns all seeming loss to gain,  
And finds a soil for every seed;  
Some fleeting glance He doth endow,  
He sanctifies some casual word;  
Unconscious gifts His children show,  
For all is potent with the Lord.

## LOSS AND GAIN.

We only see the outer thing,  
The secret heart of force ignore ;  
Lo ! from some harsh ungenial Spring  
Full Summer blossoms forth the more.  
Deep lie the channels of God's grace  
Deep lies the mystery of use ;  
He setteth in the chiefest place  
That stone the builders all refuse.

The links of time are counted up,  
And all are nought if one were broken ;  
He knows the drops in every cup,  
No word remains as if unspoken ;  
We do not guess what we achieve ;  
Dim is the ending of our course ;  
Our faintest impulse may receive  
The aid of supernatural force.

Half blind amidst the stir of things,  
But safe in following out the law,  
We know not what a moment brings,  
Nor which way blows the burning straw,  
When earth's great heart hath ceased to beat  
And all is finished as foreshown,  
Marshalled before the Judgment Seat,  
*Then* shall we know as we are known.

*B. R. Parkes.*



WHEN DEATH IS COMING NEAR.



WHEN death is coming near,  
When thy heart shrinks in fear,  
And thy limbs fail ;  
Then raise thy hands and pray  
To Him who smooths thy way  
Through the dark veil.  
Seest thou the eastern dawn ?  
Hear'st thou in the red morn  
The angels' song ?  
Oh, lift thy drooping head,  
Thou who in gloom and dread  
Hast lain so long.  
Death comes to set thee free,  
Oh, meet him cheerily  
As thy true friend,  
And all thy fears shall cease,  
And in eternal peace  
Thy penance end.

*THE ANGEL'S CALL.*

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

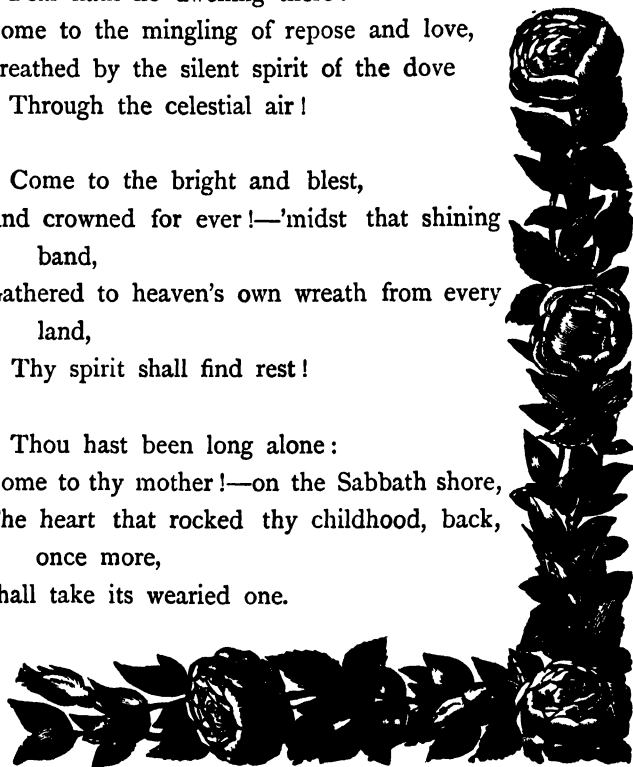


OME to the land of peace!  
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,  
The shadow passes from the soul away,  
The sounds of weeping cease!

Fear hath no dwelling there!  
Come to the mingling of repose and love,  
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove  
Through the celestial air!

Come to the bright and blest,  
And crowned for ever!—'midst that shining  
band,  
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every  
land,  
Thy spirit shall find rest!

Thou hast been long alone:  
Come to thy mother!—on the Sabbath shore,  
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back,  
once more,  
Shall take its wearied one.



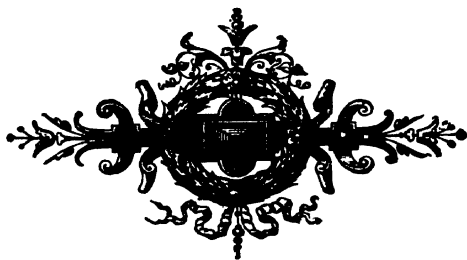
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

In silence wert thou left :  
Come to thy sisters!—joyously again  
All the home voices, blent in one sweet strain,  
Shall greet their long bereft !

Over thine orphan head  
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough :  
Come to thy Father!—it is finished now ;  
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode  
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,  
And—oh, bright victory!—death by love no place :  
Come, spirit, to thy God !

*Mrs. Hemans.*





## MORNING.

*'His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.'*

—Lam. iii. 22, 23.



UES of the rich unfolding morn,  
That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible  
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And, brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
By which deep grove and tangled stream  
Pay, for soft rain in season given,  
Their tribute to the genial heaven:—

Why waste your treasures of delight  
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,  
Who, day by day to sin awake,  
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, in our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

## MORNING.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before ;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all t' espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise !  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—  
Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

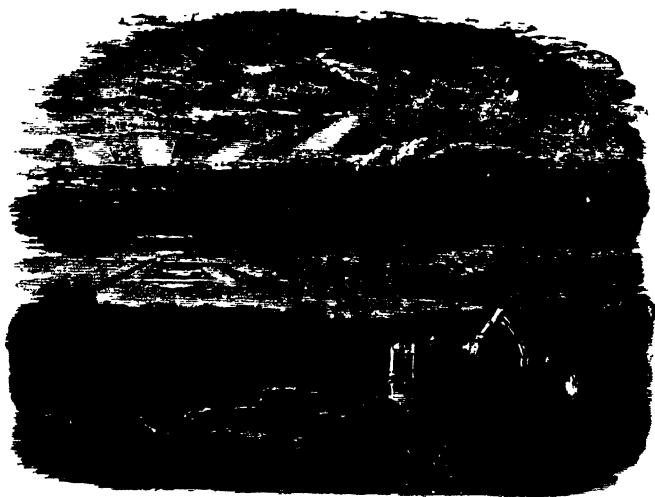
CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Seek we no more ; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :  
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
Fits us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us this and every day  
To live more nearly as we pray.

*Christian Year.*





## EVENING.

*“ Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”*  
Luke xxiv. 29.



IS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness  
The traveller on his way must press,  
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,  
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near :  
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

When round Thy wondrous works below  
My searching, rapturous glance I throw,  
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,  
In earth, or sky, n stream or grove ;

Or by the light Thy words disclose  
Watch time's full river as it flows,  
Scanning Thy gracious providence,  
Where not too deep for mortal sense ;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold ;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :  
Amid the howling wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee.

*EVENING.*

Oh ! by Thine own sad burthen, borne  
So meekly up the hill of scorn,  
Teach Thou Thy priests thy daily cross  
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss !

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take :  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*Christian Year.*



EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.



NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed  
Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;  
For they alone are blessed  
    With balmy sleep  
    Whom angels keep ;  
Nor, though by care oppressed,  
    Or anxious sorrow,  
Or thought in many a coil perplexed  
    For coming morrow,  
    Lay not thy head  
    On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,  
That earthly cares and woes  
    To thee may e'er return ?  
    Arouse, my soul ?  
    Slumber control,  
And let thy lamp burn brightly ;  
    So shall thine eyes discern  
Things pure and sightly ;  
    Taught by the Spirit, learn  
    Never on prayerless bed  
    To lay thine unblest head.

## *EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.*

---

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,  
That calls for holy prayer?

Has thy day been so bright  
That in its flight  
There is no trace of sorrow?  
And art thou sure to-morrow  
Will be like this and more  
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,  
And still make plans for more?  
Thou fool! this very night  
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,  
That ploughs the ocean deep;  
And when storms sweep  
The wintry, lowering sky,  
For whom thou wak'st and weepst?  
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,  
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer;  
For He that slumbereth not is there—  
His ear is open to thy cry.  
Oh, then, on prayerless bed,  
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,  
Till in communion blest  
With the elect ye rest—  
Those souls of countless number;



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

---

And with them that raise  
The note of praise,  
Reaching from earth to heaven—  
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;  
So lay thy happy head,  
Prayer-crowned, on blessèd bed.

*Margaret Mercer.*



WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



AY, watchman, what of the night ?  
Do the dews of the morning fall ?  
Have the orient skies a border of light  
Like the fringe of a funeral pall ?

“The night is fast waning on high,  
And soon shall the darkness flee,  
And the morn shall spread o’er the blushing sky,  
And bright shall its glories be.”

*WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?*

---

But, watchman, what of the night  
When sorrow and pain are mine,  
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright  
No longer around me shine?

“That night of sorrow thy soul  
May surely prepare to meet;  
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,  
And the morning of joy be sweet.”

But, watchman, what of the night  
When the arrow of death is sped,  
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,  
Shall be my sleeping bed?

“That night is near, and the cheerless tomb  
Shall keep thy body in store,  
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,  
And night shall be no more.”



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.



JOY and gladness ! joy and gladness !

Oh, happy day !

Every thought of sin and sadness

Chase, chase away.

Heard ye not the angels telling,

Christ the Lord of might excelling,

On the earth with man is dwelling,

Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd throng around Him

Haste we to bow ;

By the angels' sign they found Him,

We know Him now ;

New-born Babe of houseless stranger,

Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,

Saviour from our sin and danger,

Jesus, 't is Thou !

God of Life, in mortal weakness,

Hail, Virgin-born !

Infinite in lowly meekness,

Thou wilt not scorn,

Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee,

And grey wisdom bows before Thee,

When our youthful hearts adore Thee,

This holy morn.

*CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

Son of Mary, (blessèd mother !)  
Thy love we claim ;  
Son of God, our elder brother,  
(Oh, gentle name !)  
To Thy Father's throne ascended,  
With Thine own His glory blended,  
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,  
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,  
Pilgrim divine ;  
Watchful nights and weary morrows,  
Brother, were Thine :  
By Thy fight with strong temptation,  
By Thy cup of tribulation,  
O Thou God of our salvation,  
With mercy shine !

In thy holy footsteps treading,  
Guide, lest we stray ;  
From Thy word of promise shedding  
Light on our way ;  
Never leave us nor forsake us,  
Like Thyself in mercy make us,  
And at last to glory take us,  
Jesus, we pray.

*George W. Bethune.*



CHRISTMAS HYMN.



ARK ! hark ! with harps of gold,  
What anthem do they sing?—  
The radiant clouds have backward  
rolled,  
And angels smite the string.  
“Glory to God !”—bright wings  
Spread glistening and afar,  
And on the hallowed rapture rings  
From circling star to star.

“Glory to God !” repeat  
The glad earth and the sea ;  
And every wind and billow fleet  
Bears on the jubilee.  
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,  
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,  
Each holy spot hath found a tongue :  
“Let glory be to God !”

*CHRISTMAS HYMN'.*

Soft swells the music now  
Along that shining choir,  
And every seraph bends his brow  
And breathes above his lyre.  
What words of heavenly birth  
Thrill deep our hearts again,  
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?  
"Peace and good will to men."

Soft!—yet the soul is bound  
With rapture like a chain :  
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,  
And heaven repeats the strain.  
Sound, harps, and hail the morn  
With every golden string ;—  
For unto us this day is born  
A Saviour and a King !

*E. H. Chapin.*

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.



THE bells—the bells—the Christ-  
mas bells,

How merrily they ring !

As if they felt the joy they tell

To every human thing.

The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,

Are swelling soft and clear,

As, wave on wave, the tide of sound

Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,

They're ringing in the morn !

They ring when in the eastern sky

The golden light is born ;

They ring, as sunshine tips the hills

And gilds the village spire,

When through the sky the sovereign sun

Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,

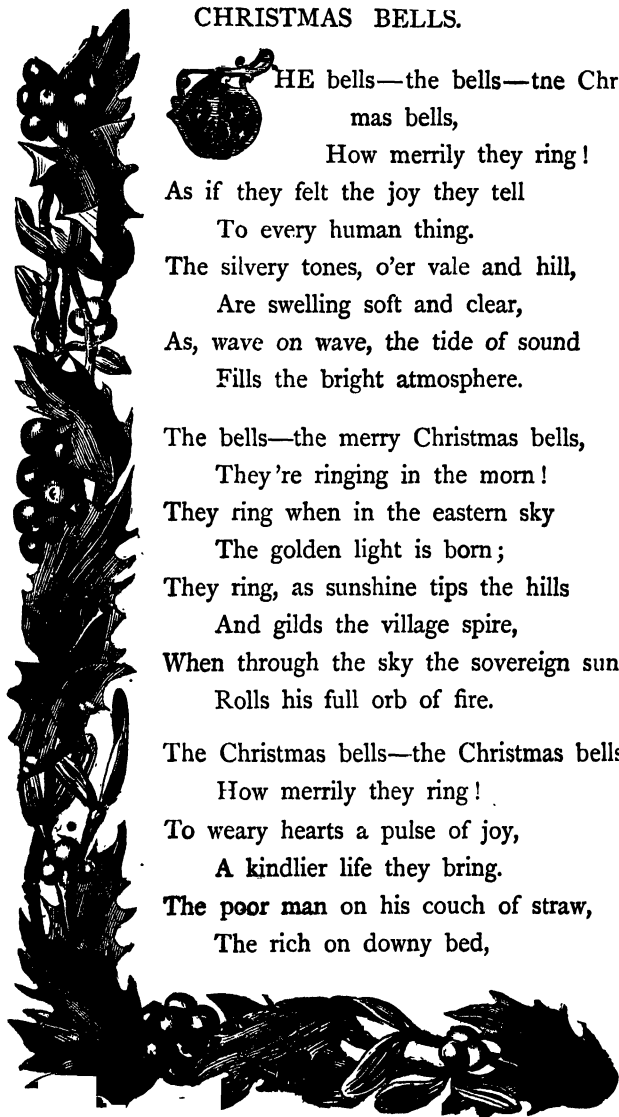
How merrily they ring !

To weary hearts a pulse of joy,

A kindlier life they bring.

The poor man on his couch of straw,

The rich on downy bed,



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet  
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,  
O'er many a mile they sound !  
And household tones are answering them  
In thousand homes around.  
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,  
With youth's strong accents blend,  
And manhood's deep and earnest tones  
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,  
They're calling us to prayer ;  
And hark ! the voice of worshippers  
Floats on the morning air.  
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,  
And glorious hymns to-day,  
*Te Deums* loud and *Glorias* :  
Come, to the church,—away.

*John W. Brown.*





## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

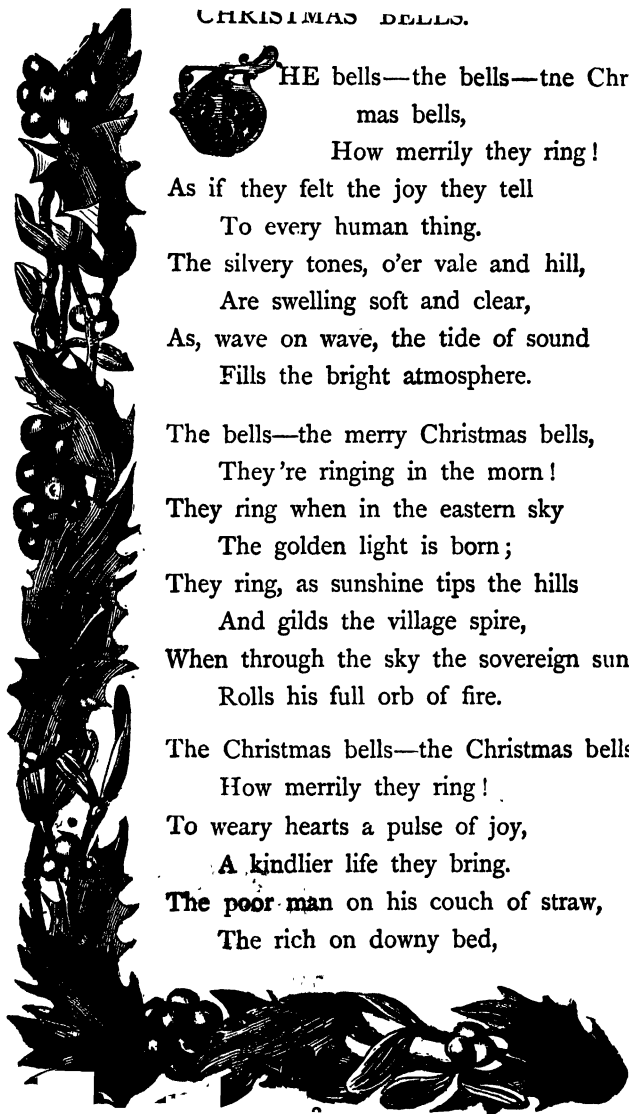
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*John W. Brown.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.



AVISON.

!HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!  
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

*Muhlenburg.*



THE HEART'S SONG.



THE HEART'S SONG.



*"Rehoid I stand at the door."*

IN the silent midnight watches,  
List thy bosom-door,  
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,  
Knocketh evermore !  
Say not 't is thy pulse's beating,  
'T is thy heart of sin ;  
'T is thy Saviour stands entreating,  
Rise and let Me in .

Death comes down with equal footstep  
To the hall and hut ;  
Think you Death will stand a-knocking  
Where the door is shut ?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;  
But thy door is fast :  
Grieved, at length away He turneth ;  
Death breaks in at last !

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating  
Christ to let thee in;  
At the door of heaven beating,  
Wailing for thy sin  
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot,  
Jesus waited long to know thee?  
But—He knows thee not!

*A. C. Cox.*



*O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.*

O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.



SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down ;  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown ;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine !  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !  
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe on me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken  
Above all joys beside,  
When, in Thy body broken,  
I thus with safety hide :  
Lord of my life, desiring  
Thy glory now I see ;  
Beside Thy cross expiring  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,  
Oh, show Thy cross to me;  
And to my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
When strength and comfort languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from my anguish  
By Thine own pain and woe.

*J. W. Alexander.*





## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

*'Be strong and of a good courage: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee.'*—Deut. xxxi. 6.



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.  
 Christ, the Royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe,  
 Forward into battle  
 Do His banners go.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before!



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee !  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory !  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army,  
Moves the Church of God.  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod.  
We are not divided,  
All one body we—  
One in hope, in doctrine,  
One in charity.

Crowns and thorns may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of JESUS  
Constant will remain :  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

## THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

---

Onward then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song—  
Glory, praise, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

## THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.



FLING out the Banner! Let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,  
In anxious silence, o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands  
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Fling out the Banner ! Sin-sick souls,  
That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner ! Let it float  
Skyward, seaward, high and wide :  
Our glory, only in the Cross ;  
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner ! Wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ;  
We conquer only in that sign.

*Bishop Doane.*



*O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL NAME.*



O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL NAME.

THOU in whose eternal name  
Went forth the Apostles' ardent host,  
Baptize us with the hallowed flame  
That fell from heaven at Pentecost.

The fearless faith that cries "Repent!"  
Thy servants' earnest message fill;  
By Thee the living word was sent,  
Thy presence make it living still.

And while Thy people bend and pray  
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,  
Give answer in the dawning day  
Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth, and Right.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Immortal Truth ! it lives in Thee ;  
Our hope shall lean on Thee alone !  
Thy Christ be all our liberty,  
And all our strength and will Thine own !

Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies  
In every meek believing breast,  
Reveal before Thy children's eyes  
That kingdom 's coming, and its rest !

Give Thy Son's herald, from above,  
The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath ;  
The faith that worked in Christ by love,  
The trust that triumphed in His death.

*F. D. Huntington.*



HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.



HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.



CREATOR Spirit! come and bless us;  
Let Thy love and fear possess us;  
With Thy graces meek and lowly  
Purify our spirits wholly.  
Paraclete the name Thou bearest,  
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,  
Love, and fire, and fountain living  
Spiritual unction giving,  
Shower Thy benedictions seven  
From Thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,  
Let Thy many tongues be spoken;  
In our sense Thy light be glowing,  
Through our souls Thy love be flowing;  
Cause the carnal heart to perish,  
But the strength of virtue cherish,  
Till each enemy repelling,  
And Thy peace around us dwelling,  
We beneath Thy guidance glorious  
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

*William Croswell.*

THE CHILD.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
X Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weanèd child :  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond its own ;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise—  
Fears to stir a step alone—  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

## JERUSALEM.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

*J. Newton.*



## JERUSALEM.



JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !

It is not to behold

The glory of thy jasper-walls,

Thy streets of purest gold ;

To see the twelve Apostles' names

Upon thy bulwark traced ;

Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,

By each an angel placed ;



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The stream of life from 'neath the throne,  
Nor yet that throne to see,  
That I would pray, "Oh, may my home  
Be found at last in thee!"

No earthly eye I know hath seen  
The glories that are thine;  
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise  
From 'mid the host divine.

But oh! than all thy streets can boast  
My eager eyes would see  
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,  
Who died to ransom me!

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Name ever dear to me,  
Oh, may at last my name be found,"  
With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee!

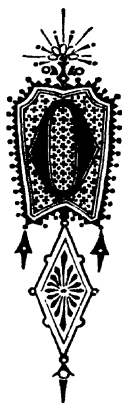
*George H. Houghton.*



*AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.*



AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL  
HYMN.



BREAD to pilgrims given,  
O Food that angels eat,  
O Manna sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet!  
Give us, for Thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled;  
Till earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled!

O Water, life-bestowing,  
From out the Saviour's heart  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love thou art!  
Oh, let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage!  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We Thee unseen adore ;  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take—and doubt no more ;  
Give us, Thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in Thee ;  
Then, Death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see !

*Translated by Ray Palmer.*

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.



JOY of my Life while left me here,  
And still my Love !  
How in Thine absence Thou dost steer  
Me from above !  
A life well led  
This truth commends—  
With quick or dead  
It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use : the night  
Is dark and long ;  
The road foul, and where *one* goes right,  
Six may go wrong.

*THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.*

One twinkling ray  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May cleare much way  
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights : who stays  
Here long, must passe  
O'er dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways  
As smooth as glasse ;  
But these all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Theire beams, and light  
Us into bed.

'They are indeed our Pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go ;  
'They are that Citie's shining spires  
We travel to :  
A sword-like gleame  
Kept man for sin  
First *out* ;—This beame  
Will guide him *in*.

*H. Vaughan*

FAITH'S REPOSE.



ATHER! beneath Thy sheltering  
wing

In sweet security we rest,  
And fear no evil earth can bring,  
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow  
The motions of Thy will obeys;  
And death is good that makes  
us know

The Life Divine that all things  
sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,  
And so Thy perfect peace to win;  
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,  
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,  
But trust the love that saves to guide—  
The grace that yields so rich a store,  
Will grant us all we need beside.

*William H. Burleigh.*

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.



ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou, O Lord! hast power  
to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath,  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean caves still safe with Thee  
The germs of immortality;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

*Mrs. Willard.*





THE ANGEL OF THE LORD



ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward speed,  
Cast abroad thy radiant light,  
Bid the shades recede ;  
Tread the idols in the dust,  
Heathen fanes destroy ;  
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,  
Spread the Gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward fly !  
Long has been the reign of night ;  
Bring the morning nigh.

Unto thee earth's sufferers lift  
Their imploring wail ;  
Bear them Heaven's holy gift  
Ere their courage fail.

TO GOD MOST HIGH.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward speed !  
Morning bursts upon our sight,  
Lo ! the time decreed :  
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,  
Thrones and empires fall ;  
Now the joyous song awakes,  
“ God is All in All ! ”

*S. F. Smith.*

TO GOD MOST HIGH.



MY Lord, I have but Thee ;  
Other friends are faint and few,  
To myself I am not true ;  
Yet, my God, Thou lovest me.

I am poor and have no more  
But Thy love within my heart ;  
Earth shall never tear apart  
That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,  
I have many pains and cares ;  
But Thou camest, at unawares,  
And I see Thee through my tears.



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

I would never be my own,  
Nor on friends my heart-strings twine ;  
I do seek to be but Thine,  
And to love but Thee alone.

Jesus ! while Thy cross I see,  
Though my heart do bleed with woe,  
By those blessed streams I know,  
Blood of Thine was shed for me.

O my Lord ! be Thou my Guide ;  
Let me hold Thee by the hand,  
Then, in drear and barren land,  
I will seek no friend beside.

*Robert Lowell.*

## LIFE'S LESSON.



UNDER the bowering honeysuckle,  
By purple bells of shaking heather,  
And bramble spines that closely buckle  
Thick-leaved chains together,  
As the sunshine plays,  
Where the lily strays ;  
On its stream,

## *LIFE'S LESSON.*

Netting a gaudy maze ;  
Where the shingles gleam  
Flittering in cressy nook  
Which the forget-me-not,  
Kingcup, and harebell dot,  
How the glad little brook,  
Sparkling along,  
Singing in joyous measure,  
Toned by its own sweet pleasure,  
Music's song?

Under the night's gloom, black and starless,  
When the old forest beeches near its  
Darkling flood, like trees are far less  
Than like shadowy spirits ;  
Though the sunlight's gone  
That so sweetly shone,  
And the flowers  
Died, as the night came on,  
With the golden hours ;  
Through the blossom and beam,  
Through the love and the light  
From the glamour of night,  
Have deserted its stream,  
How the lone rill,  
Chilled and forsaken—listen !  
Makes, though no starlight glisten,  
Music still !

*Excelsior.*



THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.



ORD, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee  
For the bliss Thy love bestows ;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows :  
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,  
This dull soul to rapture raise :  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee.  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away :  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :

## PRAYER.

Low before Thy footstep kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And since words can never measure,  
Let my love show forth Thy praise.

*S. F. Key.*



## PRAYER.



O prayer, to prayer!—for the morning breaks,  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.  
His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness and life and love.  
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air  
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,  
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.  
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows  
To shade the couch where His children repose.  
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,  
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest  
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.  
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;  
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,  
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,  
Where the heart is pledged with trembling hand.  
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,  
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,  
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born infant beside her lies :  
Oh, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows  
With a rapture a mother only knows :  
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;  
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,  
And pray for his soul through Him who died.  
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;  
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now ?  
And what shall assuage his dark despair  
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

## *PRAYER.*

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,  
And hear the last words the believer saith.  
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;  
There is peace in the eye which the Spirit sends ;  
There is peace in his calm confiding air,  
For his thoughts are with God, and his last words  
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !  
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.  
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;  
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;  
It points to the glory where He shall reign  
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !  
But gladder, purer, than rose from this  
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,  
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;  
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;  
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake ! and gird up thy strength  
To join that holy band at length.  
To Him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;  
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

*Henry Ware, jun.*



CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.

LIFTED hands of sovereign might,  
That spread beyond where sin can dare!  
O tender eyes, whose loving light  
Strikes through a blind world's dull despair!

How shall we claim one glance of Thee  
Who hast all mortal fears to calm?  
Or, "Son of David," cry, "on me  
Have mercy?" Nay, Lord! Here is balm.

Let me not thrust before Thine eyes,  
That seek where martyrs watch and wait,  
A thankless life, that idly lies,  
And brings no service, soon or late.

So many bondmen to release!  
And devils dumb to exorcise!  
Turbulent nations praying *peace*!  
The grief I brought Thee voiceless lies.

It has no place, it has no name.  
A gift of love to Love I bring,  
The dark sky glows with living flame;  
Not grief and loss, but love, I sing.

## *DIES*

Dear Love, that heeds the bird in nest,  
The singing bird, the dead in wood ;  
Great Love, that smiles from east to west,  
And fills all places as a flood.

Avenging Love ! But who shall call,  
“Avenge me, Lord !” O Christ, we see  
The lifted hands have wounds ! we fall  
In silent shame to worship Thee.

*Caroline Chesebro.*

## DIES

AY of vengeance, without morrow !  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah ! what terror is impending  
When the Judge is seen descending,  
And each secret veil is rending !

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,  
Through the sepulchres resounding,  
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,  
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,  
Man to judgment is awaking.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

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On the written Volume's pages  
Life is shown in all its stages—  
Judgment record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arrainging,  
Darkest mysteries explaining,  
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,  
By no advocate attended,  
When the just are scarce defended ?

King of majesty tremendous,  
By Thy saving grace defend us ;  
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,  
For my sons the death-crown wearing,  
Save me, in that day despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;  
By Thy cross and passion bought me ;—  
Spare the hope Thy labours brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Give, oh ! give me absolution  
Ere the day of dissolution.

*DIES IRÆ.*

As a guilty culprit groaning,  
Flushed my face, my errors owning,  
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,  
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,  
Yet on me Thy favour turning,  
Save my soul from endless burning !

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding  
Thou art from the goats dividing,  
On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded,  
And by bitter flames surrounded,  
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,  
Heart as though to ashes turning ;  
Save, oh, save me from the burning !

Day of weeping, when from ashes  
Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes,  
Guilty, trembling with contrition,  
Save him, Father, from perdition !

*Translation by John A. Dir.*



### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.\*

OUT and in the river is winding  
The links of its long red chain,  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboins!

A French Canadian employed in trapping and hunting on the banks  
of American rivers.

*THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.*

Drearly blows the north wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north wind  
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain  
To the boatmen on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

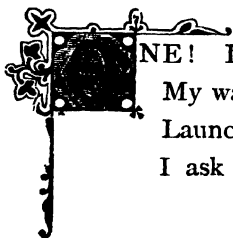
And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests with his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching,  
And our hearts faint at the oar ;

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace !

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## THE HOURS.

I.—A.M.



NE! Lord, whose daily mercies number  
My waking hours and hours of slumber  
Launched on life's everlasting sea,  
I ask the gales that waft to Thee !

II.

Two ! 'Tis the watcher's loneliest hour ;  
The realm of night has darkest power :  
O Father, let Thine angels keep  
Kind watches o'er a world asleep !

## *THE HOURS.*

### III.

THREE! Ere the dawn's first infant breath  
Floats o'er the vales the chill of death,  
Oh, drive these murky shades afar,  
And come, thou bright and Morning Star!

### IV.

FOUR! And the early labourer wakes;  
Grey o'er the hills the day-dawn breaks:  
Oh, warm my heart, celestial ray,  
And shine and mount, till all be day!

### V.

FIVE! And beside their peaceful beds  
Bow golden locks and hoary heads;  
And blessings load the balmy air,  
And strew the way of praise and prayer.

### VI.

SIX! Night is past, and day is here;  
Its voices murmur to my ear—  
"Twelve hours the great Taskmaster gave:  
Work, and BE MINDFUL OF THY GRAVE!"

### VII.

SEVEN! Give this day our daily bread!  
'Tis Thou the countless board hast spread  
Where households meet, and kneel, and part,  
For hall and chamber, field and mart.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

### VIII.

EIGHT! And the hours are swift of flight,  
Where love, and home, and young delight,  
And hope, and cheerful labour, leave  
No spectres for the distant eve.

### IX.

NINE! Blessings, blessings on the soun  
Of humble school-bells, clashing round!  
The merry sowers forth they ring,  
And grey-haired men the sheaves shall bring

### X.

TEN! Here we till no Eden's soil;  
All worthy gain is wrung by toil:  
The world's vast toil, O Father, guide!  
Thy kingdom first, then all beside!

### XI.

ELEVEN! And morn has sped so soon;  
Haste, or the journey stays till noon:  
Woe, if the joyous noonday sun  
Look down, and nought be yet begun!

### XII.

TWELVE! Heaven puts on its dazzling robe.  
And festal pomp girds round the globe;  
For God is love, and life, and light,  
And joy and majesty, and right.

## *THE HOURS.*

### I.—P.M.

ONE! One step downward! Oh, be mine  
The faithful morning's rich decline,  
And faith's calm vision clear and clearer,  
As hope's bright shore grows near and nearer!

### II.

'Two! Victory hovering in the west,  
The soldier craves not soon to rest;  
With wiser heart and cooler nerve,  
Content to suffer and to serve.

### III.

THREE! Shadowing clouds course o'er the plain  
And gentle breezes curl the main;  
And sober toil is half repose,  
While day sinks lovelier than it rose.

### IV.

FOUR! If along life's dusty street  
A moment pause my wayworn feet,  
May some kind angel stoop and smile,  
And whisper sweet, "A little while!"

### V.

FIVE! The long shadows of the hills  
A pensive pleasing music fills,  
Where Nature, with all sounds of peace,  
Gives the kind signal of release.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

VI.

SIX! And the twelve hours' toil is past!  
O Father, bring us home at last!  
Home, as at eve we love to meet;  
No clouded eye, no vacant seat!

VII.

SEVEN! And as star by star appears,  
All heaven the desert wanderer cheers,  
Maps the dark pathway o'er the billow,  
And smiles on childhood's weary pillow.

VIII.

EIGHT! Now the moon, with silver shield,  
Pale splendour pours o'er wave and field:  
Oh, thus, when brighter joys depart,  
Let soothing peace still fold my heart!

IX.

NINE! And our curfew! Bending low,  
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"  
And Thou, whose love the long day gave,  
Still pardon, succour, guide, and save!

X.

TEN! Who would loiter in the dance,  
Where pleasure hangs on folly's glance,  
While night sits throned in starry blaze,  
And tells us more than all our days?

## THE HOURS.

### XI.

ELEVEN ! The sentry walks the camp ;  
The student lingers o'er the lamp :  
The world may sleep, but I would wake,  
And watch and toil for love's sweet sake.

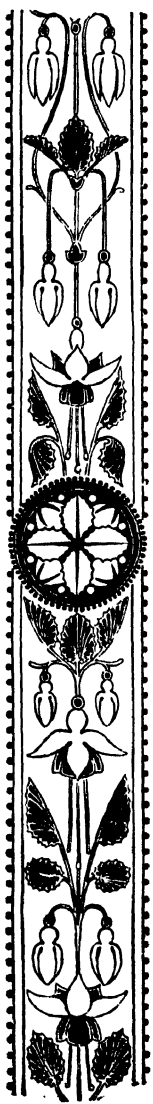
### XII.


TWELVE ! Echoing through the midnight halls,  
The knell of time to judgment calls :  
O Saviour, write my daily story,  
Till I shall sleep, and wake in glory !

*Bishop Burgess.*



MISERERE DOMINE.



HOU, who look'st with pitying eye  
From Thy radiant home on high,  
On the spirit tempest-tost,  
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost ;  
Ever ready help to give,  
And entreating, "Look and live!"  
By that love exceeding thought.  
Which from heaven the Saviour brought,  
By that mercy which could dare  
Death to save us from despair,  
Lowly bending at Thy feet,  
We adore, implore, entreat,  
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—  
*Miserere Domine!*

With the vain and giddy throng,  
FATHER! we have wandered long,  
Eager from Thy paths to stray,  
Chosen the forbidden way;  
Heedless of the light within,  
Hurried on from sin to sin,  
And with scoffers madly trod  
On the mercy of our God!  
Now to where Thine altars burn  
Penitently we return:  
Though forgotten, Thou hast not  
To be merciful forgot;  
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee—  
*Miserere Domine!*

*MISERERE DOMINE.*

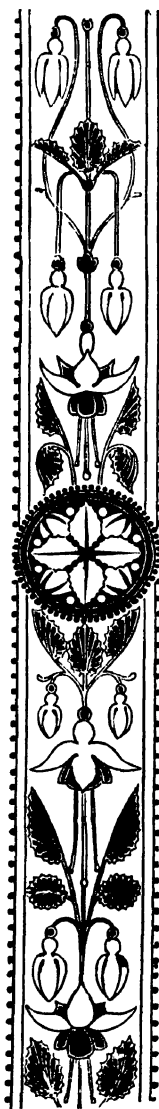
From the burden of our grief  
Who but Thou can give relief?  
Who can pour salvation's light  
On the darkness of our night?  
Bowed our load of sin beneath,  
Who redeem our souls from death?  
If in man we put our trust,  
Scattered are our hopes like dust!  
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,  
Lo! we cry to Thee, our God!  
From the perils of our path,  
From the terrors of Thy wrath,  
Save us, when we look to Thee—

*Miserere Domine!*

Where the pastures greenly grow,  
Where the waters gently flow,  
And beneath the sheltering Rock,  
With the Shepherd rests the flock—  
Oh, let us be gathered there,  
Under Thy paternal care;  
Love and labour, and rejoice  
With the people of Thy choice,  
Till the toils of life are done,  
Till the fight is fought and won,  
And the crown with heavenly glow  
Sparkles on the victor's brow!  
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee—

*Miserere Domine!*

*William H. Burleigh.*





THE LAST BOAT.



USING I sit upon the shore,  
Awaiting till the boat shall come,  
And bear me to my far-off home ;  
To cease from wandering evermore.  
  
Wearied with waiting, pinched with  
cold,  
Dim eyes of mine still watch the stream,  
Which runs as in an endless dream ;—  
Runs now, will run, and ran of old.

Ever unchanged, the constant swirl  
In little whirlpools eddies still,  
The straws and leaves float down the rill,  
And slime and scum still onward whirl.

## *THE LAST BOAT.*

For storms still ruffle its dark breast ;  
The sunshine long hath ceased to play,  
Which in the morning of my day  
Fitfully shone with sweet unrest.

The day is dying ;—morn and noon  
And sober afternoon are gone ;  
Yet the boat comes not, and alone  
I wait, and for its coming swoon.

But still the waters hurry on,  
The moving waters, dark and drear ;  
The wavelets dance in van and rear,  
And I am waiting to be gone.

I would be home before the night  
Sets in to freeze my spirit chill ;  
For I have crept adown the hill  
I mounted with a spirit light.

Lone, aged, and worn, I dread the cold,  
The silent darkness long and drear :  
I've nought to wrap me from the air  
Whistling so shrilly o'er the wold.

But, as a shadow on the land  
Glides swiftly over field and wood,  
Suddenly, where no mortal stood,  
The Boatman hoar is close at hand.

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

He beckons, and I step within ;  
The river glides and swirls away,  
So swiftly that I scarce can say,  
'O World ! Farewell, Life, Death, and Sin."

*Author of "The Gentle Life."*



"THOU COMPASSEST MY PATH."



If there had anywhere appeared in space  
Another place of refuge where to flee,  
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,  
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat  
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought  
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,  
Where 'Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,  
In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—  
That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,  
We fled to Thee.

*THOU ART MY PORTION, O LORD.*

THOU ART MY PORTION,  
O LORD.



LORD! Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to Thee:  
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be  
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee:  
On Thee, my God! on Thee.

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:  
To Thee, my God! to Thee.

Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be  
That all I want I find in Thee:  
In Thee, my God! in Thee.

*Oberlin.*



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

IN THE NIGHT.

**D**ARK, dark the night, and fearfully I grope  
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,  
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,  
And God is very far off with His day!

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why, this may be thy chance,  
When things are at their worst to prove thy faith;  
Look up, and wait thy great deliverance,  
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear?  
'Tis for the trial-time that this was given.  
Though clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,  
And Faith will find Him in the heart of heaven.

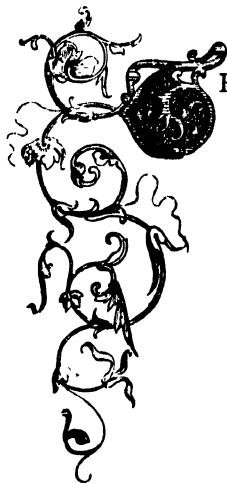
'Tis often on the last grim ridge of war  
God takes His stand to aid us in our fight;  
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,  
And, beaten back, is near us in His might!

Under the wildest night, the heaviest woe,  
When earth looks desolate—heaven dark with doom,  
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show  
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

*Gerald Massey.*



THY WAY, NOT MINE.



HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot :  
I would not if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

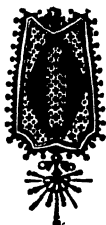
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All!

*Bonar.*





### COMFORT.



HOW many hours of beauty  
Has the Master dealt around?  
And how many broken spirits  
Has He tenderly upbound?

Oh, how often, to refresh us,  
Warmly beams the sun of life,  
Chasing from our brows the furrows  
Gathered in its gloom and strife.

## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Thus it will go on for ever  
Till the end of all things here ;  
Till our Lord to glory call us  
In His presence to appear.

Then the Fatherland to enter,  
And no more as pilgrims drest ;  
But adorned with all the shining  
Festal raiment of the blest.

Should not this thy spirit strengthen  
To rejoice, be calm and still,  
And to follow where He leadeth,  
Let Him lead thee where He will ?

All things work for Thy salvation,  
If indeed thou art His friend :  
Tarry but a little season,  
Only wait until the end.

So thy bitterest, as the sweetest,  
Serve alike to lead to heaven ;  
Nor thy voice alone shall praise Him  
For the cross that once was given.

Doubtless rugged heights arising,  
Fill thy heart with deep alarms ;  
But where Thou canst not surmount them,  
Christ will bear thee in His arms.

## COMFORT.

Only journey ever onward,  
Farther on the homeward way,  
Ever with an eye uplifted  
To the clearer realms of day.

Fearless thou may'st tread the valley,  
All in shadow though it be,  
When the open blue of heaven  
Shines beyond the gloom for thee.

*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*



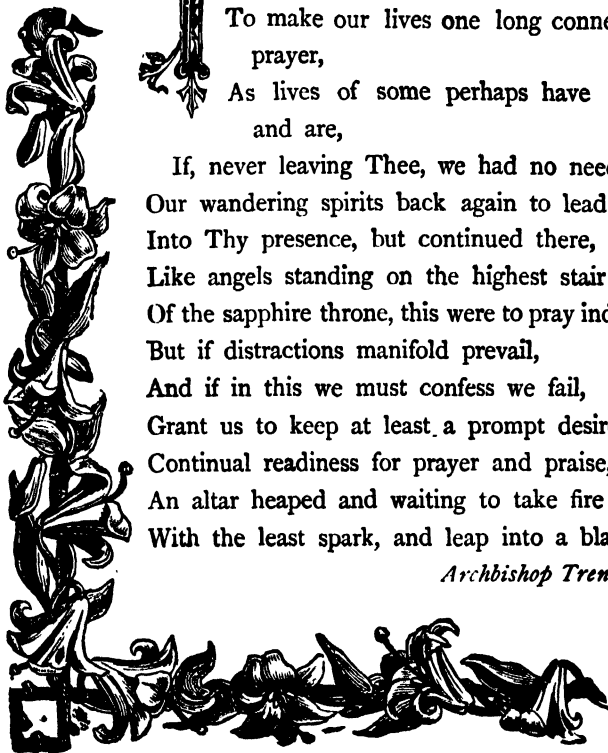


CONTINUING INSTANT IN PRAYER.

**I**F we with earnest effort could succeed  
To make our lives one long connected  
prayer,  
As lives of some perhaps have been  
and are,

If, never leaving Thee, we had no need  
Our wandering spirits back again to lead  
Into Thy presence, but continued there,  
Like angels standing on the highest stair  
Of the sapphire throne, this were to pray indeed.  
But if distractions manifold prevail,  
And if in this we must confess we fail,  
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,  
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,  
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire  
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

*Archbishop Trench.*



*THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.*

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.



SAINT Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!


All common things—each day's events  
That with the hour begin and end—  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the giddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than truth;  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;






All these must be first trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright field of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings—we cannot soar—  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees—by more and more—  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night.



*"GOD WITH US."*

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern, unseen before,  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

*Longfellow.*

*"GOD WITH US."*



WHEN God came down from heaven—  
the living God—

What signs and wonders marked His  
stately way?

Brake out the winds in music where  
He trod?

Shone o'er the heavens a brighter,  
softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind  
to see,

And the lame leaped, and pain and paleness fled;  
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,  
And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When God went back to heaven—the living God—  
Rode He the heavens upon a fiery car !  
Waved seraph wings along His glorious road ?  
Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star ?

Upon the cross He hung, and bowed the head,  
And prayed for them that smote and them that cursed ;  
And, drop by drop, His slow life-blood was shed,  
And His last hour of suffering was His worst.

*Milman.*

“AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER  
COMFORTETH.”



COME, dear Lord, like a tired  
child, to creep  
Unto Thy feet, and there a while  
to sleep ;  
Wearied, though not with a long  
busy day,  
But with the morning's sun-  
shine and with play ;  
And with some tears that fell,  
although the while  
They scarce were deep enough  
to drown a smile.

*"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."*

---

There is no need for words of mine to tell  
My heart to Thee ; Thou needest not to spell,  
As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears  
From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;  
Thou knowest all,—knowest far more than I  
The inner meaning of each tear or sigh.

Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile  
On sobbing children, seeing all the while  
How soon will pass away the endless grief,  
How soon will come the gladness and relief ;  
But if Thou smilest, yet Thy sympathy  
Measures my grief by what it is to me.

And not the less Thy love doth understand,  
And not the less, with tender, pitying hand,  
Thou wipest all my tears, and the sad face  
Dost cherish to a smile in Thine embrace,  
Until the pain is gone : and 'Thou dost say,  
"Go now, my child, and work for Me to-day."

*Thoughts from a Girl's Life.*





"THE BRIGHT LIGHT THAT  
IS IN THE CLOUDS."



DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,  
Where many joys from suffering flow.

Oft breathes simoom, and close behind  
A breath of God doth softly blow.

Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,  
And not of lightning, falls below.

How many winters o'er thy head  
Have past!—yet bald it does not show.

Thy branches are not bare, and yet  
What storms have shook them to and fro!

To thee has time brought many joys,  
If many it has bid to go;

And seasoned has with bitterness  
Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.

*"THE BRIGHT LIGHT," ETC.*

---

Trust in that veiled hand, which leads  
None by the path that he would go,

And always be for change prepared,  
For the world's law is ebb and flow.

Stand fast in suffering, until He  
Who called it shall dismiss also ;

And from that Lord all good expect,  
Who many mercies strews below ;

Who in life's narrow garden-strip  
Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

*Archbishop Trench.*





WAITING FOR SPRING.



WAITING for Spring! The mother, watching  
lonely  
By her sick child when all the night is  
dumb,  
Hearing no sound save his hoarse breathing  
only,  
Saith, "He will rally when the Spring days come."

Waiting for Spring! Ah me! all Nature tarries,  
As motionless and cold she lies asleep,  
Wrapt in her green pine robe that never varies,  
Wearing out Winter by this southern deep.

The tints are too unbroken on the bosom  
Of those great woods; we want some light green shoots  
We want the white and red acacia blossom,  
The blue life hid in all these russet roots.

## WAITING FOR SPRING.

Waiting for Spring! The hearts of men are watching,  
Each for some better, brighter, fairer thing;  
Each ear a distant sound most sweet is catching,  
A herald of the beauty of his Spring.

Waiting for Spring! The nations in their anger,  
Or deadlier torpor wrapt, look onward, still  
Feel a far hope through all their strife and languor,  
And better spirits in them throb and thrill.

Waiting for Spring! Christians are waiting ever,  
Body and soul by sin and pain bowed down;  
Look for the time when all these clouds shall sever,  
See high above the cross a flowery crown.

Waiting for Spring! Poor hearts! how oft ye weary,  
Looking for better things, and grieving much!  
Earth lieth still, though all her bowers be dreary,  
She trusts her God, nor thrills but at His touch.

It must be so,—the man, the soul, the nation,  
The mother by her child—we wait, we wait,  
Dreaming out futures; life is expectation,  
A grub, a root that holds our higher state.

Waiting for Spring—the germ for its perfection,  
Earth for all charms by light and colour given,  
The body for its robe of resurrection,  
Souls for their Saviour, Christians for our heaven.

*Cecil Frances Alexander.*





JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

**B**RIEF life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *there*.

Oh, happy retribution ;  
Short toil, eternal rest !  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !

That we should look, poor wanderers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
There grief is turned to pleasure,  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know.

## *JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.*

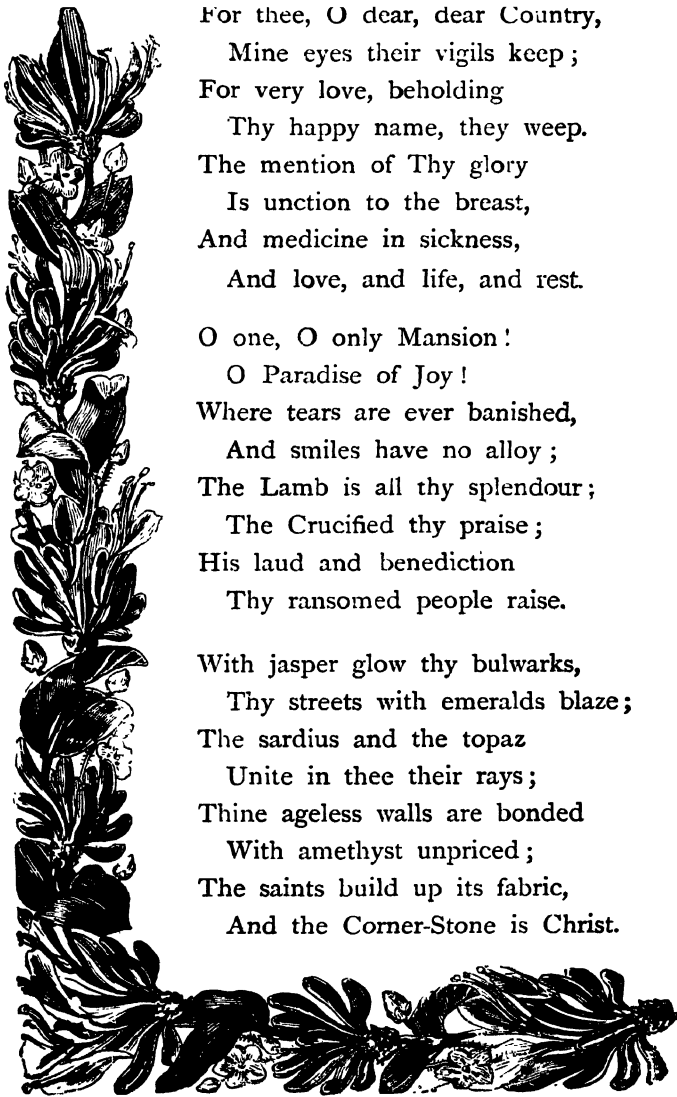
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And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown ;  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope.

But there is David's fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow :  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

Behold, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
Yes ! God my King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*



For thee, O dear, dear Country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of Thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;  
The Lamb is all thy splendour ;  
The Crucified thy praise ;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays ;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced ;  
The saints build up its fabric,  
And the Corner-Stone is Christ.

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

---

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise Thy holy tower ;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

---

JERUSALEM the golden ;  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, oh ! I know not  
What joys await us there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.

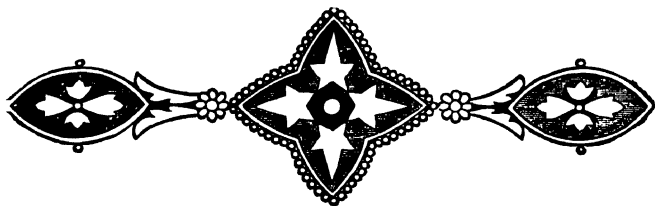


## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
'The pastures of the blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast ;  
And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

*St. Bernard—Translated by Dr. Neale.*



*MISSIONARY HYMN.*



MISSIONARY HYMN.

NWARD! onward! men-of heaven,  
Rear the Gospel's banner high;  
Rest not till its light is given,  
Star of every pagan sky;  
Bear it where the eastern stranger  
Dwells 'neath Asia's sunniest ray;  
Where the western forest ranger  
Lingers ere he pass away.

Where the Arctic ocean thunders,  
Where the tropics fiercely glow,  
Broadly spread its page of wonders,  
Brightly let its radiance flow.  
India marks its lustre stealing;  
Frozen Greenland loves its rays;  
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,  
Lifts the mingled strain of praise.

Rude in speech or grim in feature,  
Dark in spirit though they be,  
Show that light to every creature,  
Prince or vassal, bond or free;  
Lo! they haste to every nation,  
Host on host the ranks supply,  
Onward! Christ is our salvation,  
And your death is victory.



SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!



SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise !

Gird you with your armour bright ;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless, fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky ;  
Let it float there wide unfurl'd ;  
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;  
Where are crimes of blackest die,  
There the saving sign display.

*SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!*

---

To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the stray'd :  
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;  
With the Spirit's sword array'd,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurl'd ;  
Bear it bravely still abroad,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.







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“HELP, LORD! OR WE PERISH!”

HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,

When o'er the dark wave the red lightning  
is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman  
to cherish,

We fly to our Maker—“Help, Lord! or we perish!”

O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,

Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,

Who cries in his danger—“Help, Lord! or we perish!”

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,

When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,

Arise in thy strength Thy redeemed to cherish,

Rebuke the destroyer—“Help, Lord! or we perish!”

*Heber.*

*REST OF THE WEARY.*

REST OF THE WEARY.



EST of the weary,  
Joy of the sad,  
Hope of the dreary,  
Light of the glad ;  
Home of the stranger,  
Strength to the end,  
Refuge from danger,  
Saviour and Friend !

Pillow where, lying,  
Love rests its head,  
Peace of the dying,  
Life of the dead ;  
Path of the lowly,  
Prize at the end,  
Breath of the holy,  
Saviour and Friend !

When my feet stumble,  
I'll to Thee cry,  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high ;  
When my steps wander,  
Over me bend  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and friend !

*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Ever confessing  
Thee I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory and praise :  
All my endeavour,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever,  
Saviour and Friend !

HO ! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.



O ! every one that thirsteth,  
Drink at the living well,  
Within whose source the streams of life  
And joy eternal dwell ;  
Come ye, the poor, no wordly gift  
The sacred draught can buy ;  
Pure, deep, and sweet, and without price,  
The sacred waters lie.

Come ye in faith, incline your ear,  
And so your soul shall live,  
Strengthened for ever by the draught  
The well of truth can give :

*HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.*

---

And God, yea, even God, whose words  
Alone are just and true,  
Will hear and make an everlasting  
Covenant with you.

Come ye in faith, and ye shall then  
Go out with joy—be led forth free  
As the high mountains and the hills,  
That seem to sing in glee!  
And that shall be a sign to thee  
That He hath heard thy voice;  
And ye who walk within His ways  
May evermore rejoice!

*J. E. Carpenter.*





### MY HOME.



Y Home! my Home! I've paused a while  
In many a stranger land,  
And seen in all "boon nature" smile  
Beneath her Maker's hand:  
But never, since calm reason took  
From Fancy's clutch her rhyming book,  
A joyful resting planned—  
Till here the blessed scene I laid,  
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! my Home! oh, ever dear  
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;  
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,  
My spirit clings to thee.

*THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.*

I deem my Home an emblem meet  
Of that enduring last retreat,  
From pain and passion free,  
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode,  
And yield her followers up to God.

THOSE ETERNAL BOWERS.



HOSE eternal bowers

Man hath never trod,  
Those unfading flowers  
Round the throne of God :  
Who may hope to gain them  
After weary fight ?  
Who at length attain them,  
Clad in robes of white ?

He who gladly barter  
All on earthly ground ;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, " I will be crowned : "  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Clinging to the nation  
Of the blest above.



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heavenly King.  
Denizens of regions  
Past imagining !  
What ! with pipe and tabor  
Fool away the light,  
When He bids you labour—  
When He tells you, “ Fight ! ”

While we do our duty,  
Struggling through the tide,  
Whisper Thou of beauty  
On the other side !  
Oh, heed not the story  
Of this life's distress :  
Oh, the future glory !  
Oh, the loveliness !



MORN.



MORN.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the  
skies ;

Christ, the true, the only Light ;  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of  
night !

Day-spring from on high be near,  
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;

Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief !  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day !

*Rev. Charles Wesley.*



MORNING LIGHT.



**L**ORD God of morning and of night,  
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
We seem to find Thee now more high.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in our hearts  
Fresh energy to do our parts ;  
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore  
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do ;  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone  
Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own :  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
O Dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

ON GOING TO LABOUR.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend !  
Praise Him through time, till time shall end !  
Till psalm and song His Name adore  
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

ON GOING TO LABOUR.



WORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd,  
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thine acceptable will

Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above,  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.

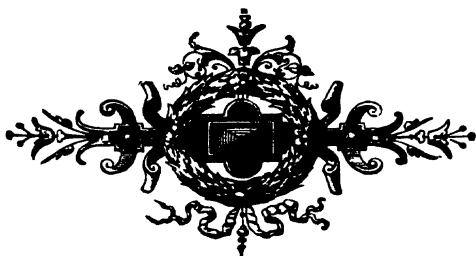
*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

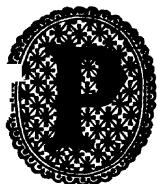
For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

*Rev. Charles Wesley.*



*PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN.*

PRAISE THE LORD OF HEAVEN.



RAISE the Lord of heaven,  
Praise Him in the height,  
Praise Him, all ye angels,  
Praise Him, stars and light !  
Praise Him, skies and waters,  
Which above the skies,  
When His word commanded,  
Did, established, rise !

Praise the Lord, ye fountains  
Of the deeps and seas,  
Rocks and hills and mountains,  
Cedars and all trees !  
Praise Him, clouds and vapours,  
Snow, and hail, and fire,  
Stormy wind fulfilling  
Only His desire !

Praise Him, fowls and cattle,  
Princes and all kings !  
Praise Him, men and maidens,  
All created things ;  
For the name of God  
Is excellent alone ;  
Over earth His footstool,  
Over heaven His throne !

*T. B. Browne.*



MY GOD AND KING.



LET all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King!  
The heavens are not too high;  
His praise may thither fly:  
The earth is not too low;  
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King!  
The Church with psalms must shout;  
No door can keep them out:  
But, above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part:

Let the world in every corner sing  
My God and King!

*George Herbert.*

*LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN  
NEW ENGLAND.



HE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear ;—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the Free !



## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white waves' foam ;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band :  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
—They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod ;  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

*Mrs. Hemans.*



IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

*"Lord, help me."*—Matt. xv. 25.

**I**N the hour of trial,  
JESUS, pray for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;  
When Thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;  
Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain ;  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again ;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
JESUS, take me dying  
To eternal life.

### ART THOU WEARY?

*"Come unto me."*—Matt. xi. 28.



ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?

'Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns!"

*HEAR, O LORD AND GOD! MY CRIES.*

---

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past!”

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
“Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
“Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer, Yes!”

HEAR, O LORD AND GOD! MY CRIES.

**H**EAR, O Lord and God! my cries;  
Mark my foes' unjust abusing;  
And illuminate my eyes,  
Heavenly beams in them infusing.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lest my woes, too great to bear,  
And too infinite in number,  
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,  
Into death's eternal slumber ;

Lest my foes their boasting make,  
"Spite of right on him we trample ;"  
And a pride in mischief take,  
Heartened by my sad example.

As for me, I'll ride secure  
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor,  
And undaunted will endure  
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

These black clouds will overblow,  
Sunshine shall have his returning,  
And my grief-wrung heart, I know,  
Into mirth shall change his mourning.

Therefore I'll rejoice and sing  
Hymns to God, in sacred measure,  
Who to happy pass will bring  
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

*Francis Davison.*

## THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

---

### HYMN.



#### THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

THOU spakest ; and the waters rolled  
Back from the earth away,  
They fled by Thy strong voice controlled,  
Till Thou didst bid them stay ;  
Then did that rushing mighty ocean  
Like a tame creature cease its motion,  
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand  
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep,  
The land lay tranquil now,  
Like a new-christened child asleep,  
With the dew upon its brow :  
As when in after time the earth  
Rose from her second watery birth,  
In pure baptismal garments drest,  
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,  
And straight the land was seen  
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,  
A robe of lustrous green ;  
Like souls wherein the hidden strength  
Of their new birth is waked at length,  
When, robed in holiness, they tell  
What might did in those waters dwell.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul  
The word of power be said ;  
My thoughts and passions bid Thou roll  
Each in its channelled bed ;  
Till that in peaceful order flowing,  
They time their glad obedient going  
To thy command, whose voice to-day  
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For restless as the moaning sea,  
The wild and wayward will  
From side to side is wearily  
Changing and tossing still ;  
But swayed by Thee 't is like the river  
That down its green banks flows for ever,  
And, calm and constant, tells to all  
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,  
Awake the life within,  
And bid a spring-tide calm and bright  
Of holiness begin ;  
So let it lie with Heaven's grace  
Full shining on its quiet face,  
Like the young Earth in peace profound,  
Amid th' assuaged waters round.

*T. Whytehead.*



### SONG OF AN OLD MAN.



HOUGH winter yet be not o'erpast,  
The breath of spring steals o'er the lea ;  
Is it in mercy unto me,  
April, thou comest in such haste ?

Ah ! gentle friend, I would behold  
Thy fair young face, thy tender tears ;  
In thy soft voice my spirit hears  
Itself speak cheerly as of old.



## *CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*

When ere the dawn I wake and weep,  
To think of hearts that beat no more,  
And cruel memories haunt me sore,  
Come thou, and through my lattice creep ;

And murmuring in the ivy-leaves,  
Waken the early morning bird,  
Whose mirth by the first daylight stirred,  
Sings to me from beneath the eaves.

Oh ! the first snowdrop let me see,  
The first young primrose laughing out ;  
When the rathe violet sheds about  
Its magic soul, bear that to me.

When in their hearts thy life is born,  
The young man laughs, the young girl sighs,  
And love, in light of their blue eyes,  
Moves, as in heaven the star of morn.

Wild horses run in valleys wide,  
The deer leaps up in oaken glade,  
The lion from his rocky shade  
Roars, and runs down the mountain-side.

When thy swift life moves in their blood,  
Like lightning, lo ! the strong arise,  
And do great deeds, and o'er the wise  
Roll godlike visions like a flood.

*SONG OF AN OLD MAN.*

The poet bares his suffering brows  
Unto thee, and his voice is heard  
Mingling with song of tree and bird,  
Like gods beneath the garden boughs.

But I am old, and in my breast  
The embers of the ancient fire  
Flame not again at my desire—  
Oh! I am old, and crave but rest.

Lead me a little in the sun,  
Kind hand of maid or loving child;  
My tears the light of heaven shall gild  
Until my wintry day be done.

Though in my heart the voice of spring,  
With its bright flowers and carols clear,  
Tells me not of the passing year,  
And the new life in everything;

But takes me back where lie inurned  
The ashes of imperial joys,  
Discrowned hopes with quenched eyes,  
Great passions with their torches burned.

Some spirit out of darkness brings,  
And sets upon their ancient thrones  
The scattered monumental bones  
Of thoughts that were as mighty kings.

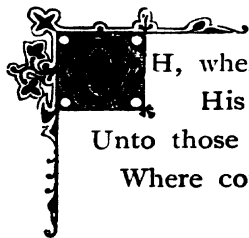
## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Some voice thrills in mine ear like breath  
Of Virgin song, and fair young Love  
Is seen his golden plumes to move  
Over the grim grey land of Death.

My heart is like a temple dim,  
Down whose long aisles the moonlight floats  
And sad celestial organ notes  
Hover, like wings of cherubim.

Touched by some unseen hand, around  
The marble figures of the dead ;  
But at this hour no living tread  
Is heard, no disenchanting sound.

### OH, WHEN MY GOD.



H, when my God, my glory, brings  
His white and holy train  
Unto those clear and living springs  
Where comes no stain ;

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
And joy, and rest ;  
Make me amongst them ('t is my suit !)  
The last one, and the least.

*H. Vaughan.*

*O THOU! WHOSE WISE PATERNAL LOVE.*

O THOU! WHOSE WISE PATERNAL  
LOVE.



THOU! whose wise paternal love  
Hath brought my active spirit down.  
Thy will I thankfully approve;  
And, prostrate at Thy gracious  
Throne,  
I offer up my life's remains,  
I choose the state my God ordains.

Cast as a broken vessel by,  
Thy work I can no longer do;  
But while a daily death I die,  
Thy power I may in weakness  
show.

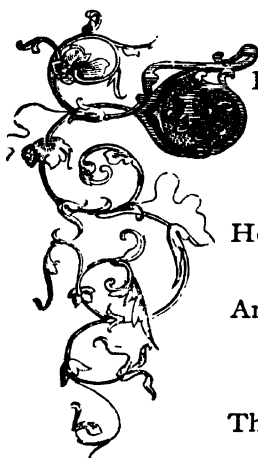
My patience may Thy glory raise,  
My speechless woe proclaim Thy praise.

But since, with Thy Spirit's might,  
Thou know'st I nothing can endure,  
The aid I ask in Jesu's right—  
The strength He did for me procure—  
Father, abundantly impart,  
And arm with love my feeble heart.

## CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

Oh, may I live of Thee possessed  
In weakness, weariness, and pain !  
The anguish of my throbbing breast,  
The daily cross, may I sustain,  
For Him who languished on the tree,  
But lived, before He died, for me.

### PASSING THE GATE.



HERE is a land immortal,  
The beautiful of lands :  
Beside the ancient portal  
A sentry, grimly stands ;  
He only can undo it,  
And open wide the door ;  
And mortals who pass through it  
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is heaven,  
And Death the sentry grim ;  
The Lord, therefore, has given  
The opening keys to him ;  
And ransomed sinners, sighing  
And sorrowful for sin,  
Do pass the gate in dying,  
And freely enter in.

## *PASSING THE GATE.*

Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace comes with the message  
To souls that watch and wait;  
And, at the time appointed,  
A messenger comes down,  
And leads the Lord's anointed,  
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blessed in their tears;  
Their journey homeward winging,  
They leave to earth their fears;  
Death like an angel seemeth:  
"We welcome thee," they cry;  
Their face with glory beameth;  
'Tis life for them to die.



CHRISTIAN LYRICS.

SIGHS AND GROANS.



H, do not use me  
After my sins ! look not on my desert,  
But on Thy glory ; then Thou wilt reform  
And not refuse me. For Thou only art  
The mighty God ; but I, a silly worm.  
Oh, do not bruise me.

Oh, do not urge me !  
For what account can Thy ill steward make ?  
I have abused Thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,  
Sucked all Thy magazines. My head did ache  
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods.  
Oh, do not scourge me !

Oh, do not blind me !  
I have deserved that an Egyptian night  
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust  
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light  
But I am frailty, and already dust ,  
Oh, do not grind me !

Oh, do not fill me  
With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath !  
For Thou hast other vessels, full of blood,  
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,  
Even unto death. Since He died for my good,  
Oh, do not kill me !

*George Herbert.*

*SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO HIS WILL.*



SUBMIT YOURSELVES TO HIS  
WILL.

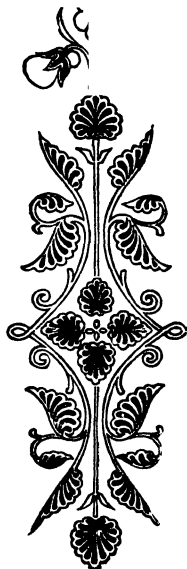


't is God's will, pain, take  
your course,  
Exert on me your utmost force :  
I well God's truth and promise  
know ;



He never sends a woe,  
But His supports divine  
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,  
And apt to waver as the wind—  
Though me no feeble bruised reed  
In weakness can exceed,  
My soul on God relies,  
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks  
despise.



Patient, resigned, and humble wills  
Impreguably resist all ills.  
My God will guide me by His light,  
Give me victorious might :  
No pang can me invade,  
Beneath His wings' propitious shade.



*CHRISTIAN LYRICS.*



EVENING HYMN.



OD, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light !  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel guards defend us,  
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